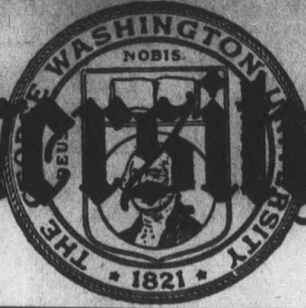


Yearbook Subscription
Date Extended
Indefinitely

The University Hatchet

STUDENT



Student Council
Petitions Must Be
Filed By April 10

WEEKLY

VOL. 29, NO. 23

Published
Two Sections

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1933

Section
One

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER
POST OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Student Council Elections Date Set For April 27-28; Point System Abolished

Lambie House, Med. School
to Serve as Polls for
Annual Voting

APRIL 10 SET AS DEADLINE

Petitions and Affidavits May
Be Obtained at Dean
Doyle's Office

Nominations for election to the Student Council must be filed in Dean Henry Grattan Doyle's office by 8 p. m., Monday, April 10. The elections will be held April 27-28 in Lambie House and the Medical School.

Prospective candidates must file petitions signed by 5 per cent of the students in the department they seek to represent, as well as an affidavit certifying the fact that to the best of the candidate's knowledge he will be enrolled in the department for which he is a candidate for the ensuing year. Candidates from Junior College are excepted.

These petitions and affidavits may be obtained and must be filed in Dean Doyle's office by April 10. On April 11 and 12 the eligibility of the candidates will be checked. Candidates who have not complied with all requirements will then be given three days to make all corrections. A complete list of candidates will be posted and published by April 17.

Eligibility requirements for candidates are as follows:

A candidate must be enrolled in the school he seeks to represent.

He must be in good academic standing.

He must have completed a minimum of 15 semester hours' work in the University at the time of his nomination.

Members of Junior College who graduate in June may be elected from that college to the Student Council. (This fact must be stated on their petition.)

The procedure is:

If a department is entitled to only one representative, no student shall sign more than one petition.

If a department is entitled to more than one representative no student in that department shall sign a greater number of petitions than the number

(Continued on Page 5.)

Dramatics Fraternity Initiates Entertainer

Daniel Beattie Confers Membership on Miss Vaughn de Leath

Vaughn de Leath, prominent radio singer and entertainer, became an honorary member of Alpha Eta Epsilon, George Washington University dramatics fraternity, at a ceremony held in her honor at the Theta Delta Chi House on Wednesday, March 8. Dan Beattie, president of the fraternity, conferred membership and presented the pin.

Miss de Leath personally appeared at the Earle Theatre last week.

Before the presentation, Miss de Leath and her accompanist, Miss Beatrice Cole, gave impromptu selections of songs, which were greatly enjoyed. In response to the courtesy, the Troubadour Trio, Joe Danzansky, Craig Morris and others gave informal acts and songs.

In presenting the fraternity pin to Miss de Leath, Dan Beattie said in part: "... The ideals of Alpha Eta Epsilon require that we uphold dramatic standards in membership and functions; in accepting Miss de Leath as a member we are upholding those ideals in the highest measure. ... For many of the greatest things that great men have done, woman has been the inspiration and though it perhaps is not generally known, Miss de Leath was the inspiration for the discovery of the invention which made radio possible for us.

"We feel that as an honorary member of Alpha Eta Epsilon you will aid as a help and inspiration for the great things we, as members, may do in the future."

The impromptu program and ceremony was enjoyed by a number of guests—members of The Troubadours and Cue and Curtain, in addition to the members of the fraternity.

It is interesting to learn the probability of Miss de Leath's acquisition of a new title, that of an honorary aide on the staff of the Federal Radio Commission.

Miss Olive Weidner, Theta Delta Chi house mother, entertained in honor of Miss de Leath and Miss Cole following the presentation.

8-1 Vote Ends Moratorium by
Condemning Activity
System

COON HEADS COMMITTEE

Students Should Know Own
Activity Limits, Claim
Council

The Student Council abolished the activity point system last Wednesday night by a vote of 8-1.

This act brought to a close an investigation which started last fall when a moratorium was declared on the system, due to general dissatisfaction towards it on the part of campus activities.

The investigating committee, composed of Betty Coon, chairman, and Dorothy Neiss, reported the following findings and recommended its abolishment on these grounds:

"1. A great number of the student body are part-time students, both day and night, who have outside business interests. These students need no system to tell them their limits as to extra-curricular activity.

"2. To function properly, such a system should be compulsory, which would require a detailed and elaborate filing system containing names and activities of all persons registered in the University. We feel certain that no student would be willing to give the time required for the success of such an undertaking without some compensation.

"3. In an advisory form, the point system carries no weight and serves as a mere gesture."

W. A. A. Will Give Banquet March 15

Presentation of Awards for
Winter Sports Will Be
Part of Program

The Women's Athletic Association will hold their annual winter banquet at the Kennedy-Warren March 15, at 7:30 p. m. Awards for winter sports will be presented by Grace Haley, president of W. A. A., while Bertie Wright, former George Washington student, will preside as toastmistress.

An interesting program has been arranged by Edith Grosvenor, who is chairman of the committee in charge of the banquet. Several selections will be sung by the Troubadour trio and Katherine Kramer will whistle several numbers. Bettie Elfelt and Ruth Critchfield will present Russian folk dances. Following this Gretchen Feikor and Annabelle McCullough will lead the group in songs.

Among the invited guests are President and Mrs. Marvin, Dr. and Mrs. Willard H. Yeager, Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell Dreese, Mrs. Joshua Evans and Mrs. Winnie G. Barrows.

Tickets are available to members of W. A. A. at the Women's Physical Education office.

New Two-Speaker Policy Is Adopted By G. W. Debaters

For the first time in women's inter-collegiate debate, a team was represented by only two speakers, Clara Critchfield and Charlotte Dubin, who spoke for George Washington on the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved: That the United States Should Agree to the Cancellation of Inter-Allied War Debts," last Monday when they met a team from the University of Pittsburgh in a no-decision debate.

Decreasing the number of speakers is a policy which is being widely adopted in most colleges and which is followed consistently by The George Washington men's debate. The policy of hearing two speakers with slightly longer speeches has been found to increase debate interest.

Marjorie Nelson, Elizabeth Rice, and Helen Sherkey spoke before an audience of 150 at Hood College last Friday when this team took the negative stand of the same question. The debate, also no-decision, was held in the college chapel and was followed by an open forum discussion. Preceding the debate, a banquet in honor of the guest speakers was given by the Hood debate club.

Discusses Carnival



BOURKE FLOYD.

Director Who Organized Personnel for 1933 Affairs
Grants Interview

Bourke Floyd, director of the all-University carnival, declared in an interview with a Hatchet reporter yesterday that, though he had been told the council might suspend carnival activities for this year, he had not expected anything to be done for at least two more weeks.

A series of questions was asked Floyd in an effort to present the director's views on the council proclamation. Floyd apparently felt that he was being placed in an unusual position when questioned, because the council made no mention as to whether the present carnival board was disbanded or not.

A list of the questions and answers received in the interview follows:

"Will you continue the organization of carnival personnel so that next year's carnival can proceed into action with a workable personnel?"

Answer: "I can hardly answer this question, because the council proclamation makes no provision for next year."

Two: "Will the popularity contest still be run?"

Answer: "I do not know."

Three: "Do you think the council took proper action in the matter?"

Answer: "I was approached by a council member last week who spoke to me about the matter and I suggested that any decision should be put off for two weeks."

Four: "Do you think that within the next two weeks there is a possibility of a change of economic conditions which would enable you to put on a carnival?"

Answer: "Yes, I do think there is such a possibility."

Five: "Should the council permit you to go ahead with carnival personnel organizations, would you do so?"

Answer: "Should the council allow me to do so, I would be glad to assist in any way that would reflect to the benefit of the carnival and the University."

Johnstone to Speak

On Debts Problems

War debts, approached from three different angles, cancellation, revision, and payment, will be discussed by Professor William Crane Johnstone before members and guests of the International Relations Club Wednesday evening, March 15, at 8:15 o'clock, in Lambie House.

Professor Johnstone will also give a brief resume of negotiations taken place since default of the debts and outline the present status of the debt question.

Joseph Tarshes Found Shot to Death While in Vienna Recovering His Health

Graduated in '32 From George Washington, Tarshes Was
Preparing for Entrance to Medical School;
Attended Business High

Joseph Tarshes, 22, a graduate of Business High cadet corps. Prior to entering George Washington, he attended American University for one year.

Although he attended evening school only, Tarshes made an enviable record as a student, graduating in three and a half years. According to Israel Silverman, a graduate of the Law School and intimate friend of the youth, Tarshes was a "brilliant student" as well as an athlete. When an effort was made to organize a track team here, a few years ago, "Joe" was one of the mainstays of the team, winning not a few sprints. At American University he played on the tennis team.

In addition to his parents, he is survived by three brothers and two sisters: Benjamin, an employee of the Internal Revenue Bureau; Henry, an employee of the House Office Building; Robert, a manager with Ourisman Chevrolet Company; Belle Tarshes, a former student at The George Washington University, and Mrs. T. Perlzman.

Council Halts Carnival Work by Proclamation

Student Carnival Proclamation

Whereas, the economic condition of our country is unprecedented and, whereas, the commercial situation of our locality is decidedly uncertain at present, and, whereas, these conditions are appreciably reflected in the financial condition of the student body, demanding the curtailment of expenditures wherever possible, and, whereas, the carrying out of a project of such proportions as a University Carnival requires financial backing and ample credit facilities, and, whereas in view of the aforesaid financial conditions of the student body, the Student Council as representative of the student body, does not feel that it should sponsor any project having for its purpose the raising of a large fund for University activities at this time, especially where students would be called upon for financial support, and, whereas, it would be impracticable, inexpedient, and inadvisable for student organizations to proceed under the circumstances.

Be it resolved, That, we, the Student Council of The George Washington University, hereby proclaim that the University Carnival be dispensed with for the present year.

—THE STUDENT COUNCIL.

New George Washington Nine Lists Ten Contests

University of Delaware and Brooklyn College May Be Added
to List of Leading Teams Who Will Engage
Colonials This Spring

By JOHN BUSICK

Announcing the opening game of the baseball season for April 19, with the Quantico Marine nine, Max Farrington, assistant Athletic Director yesterday released the above list of games for the coming campaign, all of which will be played in Griffith Stadium. It comprises the bulk of the schedule but is not final. Negotiations are being conducted with Delaware for games on April 27 and 28, and with Brooklyn College for a game later in the season. Final arrangements must be made for the Davidson and West Virginia contests, listed above as tentative.

Baseball Schedule

Apr. 19—Marines.
Apr. 20—Marines.
May 5—Davidson (tentative).
May 6—Duke.
May 9—Washington and Lee.
May 12—Marines.
May 15—West Virginia U. (tentative).
May 17—Mt. St. Mary's.
May 19—Western Maryland.
May 24—Washington College.

Stage Crew Issues Call for Members

Within the next two weeks the stage crew will begin construction on the sets for "The Romantic Young Lady." At the present time the crew is operating with a skeleton organization and is desirous of adding to its membership in view of the forthcoming production in May.

Students who wish to join the organization have been requested to leave their names with Newell Lusby, stage manager, in the Cue and Curtain office on the top floor of Building M. Those possessing experience in set construction are particularly desirable.

Subscription Time Of Annual Extended To Meet Conditions

Because banking conditions have left many students financially destitute for the present, the Cherry Tree board will prolong the subscription period indefinitely until conditions right themselves, according to Wendell Bain, business manager of the publication.

Subscriptions may be paid in the Publications Office, Building T, 2016 H street northwest.

Among the outstanding features of the 1933 Cherry Tree which editors believe will make it one of the best ever published are: Colored photographs of a campus view, which was done by a ranking artist; a march of events section which photographically portrays the important social, athletic and scholastic functions at the University during the past year; a series of modernistic colored division pages by students in the Art School; and a running account of the history of the University.

They point out the fact that the Cherry Tree is of unquestionable value as a part of one's George Washington University memories.

Billings Calls Body Into Executive Ses- sion Sunday

OPPOSE MEASURE

"Present Economic Conditions
Decide Course of Action,"
Says Darling

A proclamation suspending the All-University Carnival activities for the year 1933, was issued by the Student Council following an executive session called Sunday afternoon by President Elton Billings. The proclamation was made after Valpeau Darling, Engineering School representative, presented a motion which read:

"I move in view of the present economic conditions of the country in general and the students of The George Washington University in particular, we do not hold a carnival this year."

A vote of seven to one passed the motion. Jack Goode, Law School representative, opposed its passage with the statement that a week's delay before reaching a decision would give the Council a better idea as to the advisability of disbanding this year's carnival.

Though activities will be suspended this year, the council went on record as "being heartily in accordance with the efforts of the present carnival board of directors in forming a permanent administrative board for developing the carnival as an annual project and a continuous activity" it was learned today.

The council "deeply regrets the necessity of discontinuing the plans for this year and wants it clearly understood that the project may go forward next year."

(Continued on Page 5.)

Activity Book Will Admit to Baseball

Proceeds From General Ad-
missions Will Be Turned
Into Charity Fund

The athletic department announces that activity books will admit students to varsity baseball games. As announced in last week's Hatchet general admissions will be 25 cents and a season ticket good for 10 admissions will be \$2.

Net proceeds from the events will be turned over to the National Capital Civic Fund and through them distributed to worthy welfare and civic endeavors. Griffith Stadium has been donated for the use of the team, and the latest in lighting equipment is ready for the night features.

The N. C. C. F. is composed of prominent business and professional men in Washington and is responsible for the presentation of various public events. Among these are the annual Fourth of July celebration, Sylvan Theatre plays, and local high school dramatic efforts in conjunction with community center groups. Mr. E. J. Murphy, Robert Fleming, and Joseph D. Kaufman, Jr., are among the local men who have tremendously aided the cause.

In an effort to boost sales on the tickets, Jack Espey and Max Farrington are working on a plan for a contest awarding a prize or prizes to the students selling the largest number of season passes.

Men's Debate Team Heard Over WMAL

A radio debate over Station WMAL took place last Monday night from 9 to 10 p. m., when DeWitt Bennett and James Ronald, debating for the University, met Forney Rankin and Donald Seawell of the University of North Carolina. The George Washington team spoke negatively on the question, "Resolved: That, the United States Should Adopt the British System of Radio Control."

This is the second time a George Washington debate has been on the air through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company. On the first occasion, the University met the University of Virginia, on the same question over Station WRVA in Richmond last spring. On both occasions the speakers were given freedom of speech concerning either the National or other broadcasting systems.

The University Hatchet

Member

Intercollegiate Newspaper Association of the Middle Atlantic States—National College Press Association.

Editor: C. MANLEY FESLER
Business Manager: LESTER M. GATESAssociate Editors: SAMUEL B. DETWILER, JR.
JOHN T. MADIGAN
CATHERINE PRICHARD
WALTER RHINEHART

Senior Staff Members: Harriet Atwell, Coates Bell, Rhona Stone, John Busick, Ludwig Caminita, Betty Conn, Virginia Hawkins, Robert Herzog, Margaret Liebler, Wilbur Schmidt.

Business Assistants: JACK HAZARD
Circulation Manager: WILBURN WEST
ROGER MARQUIS

Published weekly from September to June, with one issue in July, by the students of The George Washington University, Washington, D. C. Entered as second-class matter, October 27, 1911, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 6, 1919. Telephone National 6463 (University Exchange) then ask for "University Hatchet." (After 7 p. m. and on Sunday call District 8176.) For last-minute news call Shepherd 2321. Subscription, \$3.00 a year.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PUBLICATIONS
Executive Officer: Douglas Bement
Graduate Manager: Henry W. Herzog

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1933.

The Board of Trustees Will Be Able To Take Care of the Financial Crisis

Many students are wondering how they are going to pay the next installment of their tuition with the financial situation as it is. There will be a meeting today of the executive committee of the Board of Trustees to consider this pertinent problem. The Hatchet believes there is no cause for worry. The University will carry on and classes will meet whether or not checks can be cashed.

We are partners in a project, all working for the common good of the University. There is no doubt that the Board of Trustees will take action at the meeting today to insure that the present crisis will not work too great a hardship on anyone.

Why Can't We Have a Picnic This Year in Place of the Carnival?

The Student Council has dictated that there shall be no All-University Carnival this year. In view of conditions in Washington, the resolution is a timely one and reflects good judgment in its consideration of existing facts and its finality of tone. It is only reasonable to suppose that any venture involving a considerable expenditure is just as likely to suffer here as elsewhere and certainly it would be foolish to send good money after bad.

The Hatchet does feel, however, that either later this year or early next fall some means should be taken to meet the obligation of financing the band, for which purpose the All-University Carnival was established. That is a problem for further consideration of the student body.

Why not have a picnic this spring to take the place of the Carnival at approximately the same time? Such an affair could be arranged by the personnel comprising the Carnival Board and could be developed into a very pleasant all-day function at a very small cost. Such a party might be given at Great Falls or some one of the many places on the shores of the Chesapeake. There could be basket lunches, swimming, fishing, baseball, dancing and the general camaraderie which insures the success of a wholesome out-of-door party.

If There Is to Be a Change Made, It Should Be Made Now

Today's issue of The Hatchet carries notice of Student Council elections. The same procedure is outlined as was followed last year despite the extended hearings by means of which the present council tried to evolve some scheme to better the system of student government.

The Hatchet suggests that the plan outlined by Professor Roberts be put into effect and that such action be taken in the place of the election as announced by today's paper. Why not have a student governing body made up of representatives from each of the following major activities: Women's Athletic Association, Men's Athletics, (managerial system), the Interfraternity Council, Panhellenic Council, Dramatics, Debate, Music, (the Band, Symphony Orchestra and the Glee Clubs), and Publications; this body to be presided over by a single student elected by popular vote of the student body to be designated as the president of the Student Council. Such a plan would insure a membership of students who were interested, capable, and worthy. There would be a continuity of policy under such a plan because the participants in the above-mentioned activities elect their leaders at various times during the school year and because individuals who prove their worth are allowed to continue in the positions.

The above plan would result in the grouping of like activities together. It would insure that people interested in activities would regulate activities on campus, and it would allow for more intimate contact between council members and the groups they represent.

Every Student Can Sell Two Tickets And Insure Successful Baseball Games

Activity books will admit students to varsity baseball games. This is good news because today a quarter is a quarter and students should appreciate the consideration of the athletic department and the officials of the National City Civic Fund in extending them this courtesy because after all, these games are for charity.

The athletic department is saddled with the responsibility of making these baseball games pay at the small price of twenty-five cents admission. If the games do not pay the athletic department not only goes in the hole, but will have made no

contribution to charity—and the games will not pay unless students of the University get behind the ticket sale. Every student can sell two tickets and the project will be over-subscribed and the contribution made. It is not much to ask. Tickets may be obtained at the athletic office. Go there today and arrange to be a personal representative of this drive to repay the Washington public for their support of The George Washington University athletic programs.

Some Faculty Members Might Profit by Public Speaking Courses

Several times in the past it has come to the attention of The Hatchet that some members of the faculty might stimulate interest in their classes if their lectures were presented in a more interesting fashion. Many a professor knows his subject thoroughly but does not have the power to put it across. May we suggest that there is at the University a very proficient Department of Public Speaking and that it might not be amiss for members of the faculty to arrange for some further training in the art of public address?

We understand that there is in existence at the University an administrative seminar for faculty members. Would we be presumptuous in suggesting that this question be given consideration by that body.

Everyone Must Work Nowadays and We May Either Drift or Steer Our Course

Each individual in college is either steering or drifting down along the stream of years. He is steering if he has learned the nature of his mind, its possibilities—in short if he is pursuing his college work with a goal in view. He is drifting if he has not assumed command of his entire mental equipment. Each must control his thoughts or be controlled by them. The person who controls his thoughts will as a matter of course have some object in life toward which he is steering. A student who has attained this mastery possesses a knowledge and a view of life which will provide the necessary encouragement and confidence to carry all undertakings to fruition. He is not the one numbered among the failures—he may not be at the top of the class but invariably he will have a successful year.

Those who are drifting through college may pass their examinations—they may even attain great distinctions—but until they have realized that the days are passed when men wore lace ruffles which completely hid their hands as a sign that they did not have to work—they are not taking full advantage of their college training.

—The Dalhousie Gazette.

CHIPS

Hello, Folks—just a little fan mail:

Dear Dick:

Do you mind my calling you Dick? I am a freshman. I am very much interested in your column and read it every week. I would like to become a newspaperman. How can I do it?

I think I have talent. What do you think? Please look at the poem; it is original.

"I love the spring
"I love most everything
"But what I love best
"More than all the rest
"Is Tuesday because that's
"When I get my Hatchet."

Are you engaged to Betty No-Name? Do you date freshmen? I think I would like to work on The Hatchet. I guess I must close now as I have a Rhetoric exam next hour.

Devotedly,

MAY BELL.

P. S.—My hair is red, but I could dye it.—M. B.

Dere May Bell:

Your letter sounds suspiciously like Madam Bell, our society editor, just after using Helena Rubenstein's mug dope "internally." I would certainly like to see some "poetry." I will say what you submitted is decidedly original.

Having never seen the No-Name corpus delicti, I must answer in the negative to the alleged entanglement. I imagine she would make a most satisfactory spouse—you'd never have to see her. Dating freshmen, to Rollo's feeble mind, is the first sign of an upperclassman's social decay, i.e., Slicker, Jaquette, Fesler, etc. However, I may be forced to resort to these tactics soon. These upperclass coeds seem to be getting to know too much???

Ole Capigliostro Rollo.

P. S.—Before you dye your hair, I would suggest you consult Molyneux and McArthur.

Since Dot Agire has been sporting that Delt pin belonging to "mother-in-law," she sure has been worried about the sundry remarks found in Chips about her and John—in fact, the kid brother has been dispatched to ask Rollo to desist from further comment. At press time, the kid had not shown up. The old Pi Phi adage, "Forty years without loss to any investor," tottered last week when the present pledge line presented a show which would have killed the ordinary tired business man, according to certain shocked alums, such as Monk, Ward, and Burnham. As well as the White Flag actives—Garrett, Nutter, etc.—that's what they get for knowing all the answers. It's too bad Eldridge Loeffler had to contract one of these fashionable appendectomies to interfere with her proposed snake dance which fitted so well with the goat's theme song, "that great old Pi Phi anthem," which is erroneously ascribed to a Sigma Nu and didn't meet the approval of the visiting province officer—actually it was written by a Phi Gam from Northwestern. The special active disciplinary committee which met Sunday to scare the alleged wayward pledges should be taken with a grain of salt, as, after all, they have to have a chapter. Mrs. Holt was crushed and two tables broken when Edie Bruce calmly announced that she heard the way to get her name in Chips was to kiss a man in the Food Shop, and she meant to put it to a test right then—that Egyptian Ella dance of yours, Edie, would have done just as well.

Bain's perambulating pin now adorns Mildred Cooper's—you-know-where-she-wears-it—Wendell wants it on her dress. Bill Shipley hasn't thrown up his Chi O pin, despite the heavy Sigma Kappa influence. It's a secret, so don't tell Dot Catling she is slated to get the individual medal for rifle beginners. Panhel drag will cost two slugs, as usual Warren and Company will let their dance ride on the obligations arising out of the Interfraternity Prom—However, Ruthie and her pals, featuring a Chevy Chase appetite with a Corean Hall pocketbook, intend to saddle the responsibility of a \$3.50 corsage on the necks of the lucky (?) dates—it's too bad goldenrod isn't in season, or how about a nice bunch of brown-eyed susans. "Is so ceepy, Thelma"—just a section of Smoothie Touchston's telephone conversation with that imported Florida Zeta that's making all the Chi O's gnash their teeth these days. Dere Betty: Get your letter at the P. O. A little cheer and pleasant dreams.

DICK ROLLO.

Did You Know That . . .

Mary Lee Watkins, Grace Haley, Edith Grosvenor, and Agnes Rogers are included in the recently published accredited list of rated basket ball officials in the District of Columbia. Helen B. Lawrence of the Women's physical education department enjoys a national rating as a basket ball official. Miss Lawrence also is chairman of the women's official rating committee of the District of Columbia.

Marcelle LeMenager, executive secretary of the General Alumni Association of the University was a member of the board of editors of The Hatchet in 1927 and 1928.

Inauguration of Presidents is not unknown in the history of The George Washington University. On October 11, 1923 William Mather Lewis, the eleventh president of the University was given an elaborate inauguration. Members of the various schools assembled under their banners on the Ellipse under the shade of the Washington Monument to greet the new president of the University. He was introduced to the undergraduate body by the retiring president, Howard L. Hodgkins, and was greeted by a representative of the faculty and by Edward L. Scheufler in behalf of the undergraduates. An amusing instance, was the driving up to the platform of General George Washington and Martha Washington in a "coach and four" of the olden time. They presented to President-elect Lewis the key to the University. A large parade was then formed, which marched down Pennsylvania avenue and back to the University where it disbanded.

An "Over There" reporter was included in the list of reporters on The Hatchet staff in 1918. The remainder of the staff was composed of editor, two assistant editors, business manager, assistant business manager, circulation manager, and fourteen reporters.

The first Student Council at George Washington University was in 1916-1917. Membership on the council was composed of two divisions, active and ex-officio; the thirteen active members were elected by the students while the nine ex-officio members were the leaders in major activities. The ex-officio members had all the privileges of the actives except that of voting. There were only two officers, president and secretary-treasurer, and three standing committees, namely, athletics, publications, and social activities. It is interesting to note that Dr. Elmer L. Kayser of the history department of the University served his council as its secretary-treasurer.

ELEANOR HELLER.

BOUQUETS and BRICKBATS

Something'll have to be done about the lines in the Cue and Curtain bit which calls for medium-sized Gunnison to gaze up fondly into the eyes of that tall blond Venus of Troubadour and Popularity Contest fame, Ruth Molyneux, and whisper dreamily, "My dear little girl," or words to that effect. . . (you poor child, Gunny . . . but the show must go on!) . . . and while checks from out-of-town banks come bouncing back to Miss Holt it's a big bouquet to her for continuing to give credit until things clear up. . . and also for furnishing the Morton-Crystal Cavern tea Sunday p. m. with lots and lots of cookies gratis. . . (truly "Mother" Holt) . . . your own ticket to the action of the council which caught the contagious "proclamation" habit to declare a Carnival Holiday at G. W. . . (there will be none until 1934) . . . might have been a good idea if the suggestion of Jack Goode had been followed to defer action on the matter for a week. . . the dance recital by G. W. Physical Ed Coeds at Pierce Hall tonight looks like a pretty decent affair. . . (an attractive and varied program will be presented) . . . students at N. C. U. demand a course in marriage, according to a prof at that institution. . . (maybe the Edwina Seal affair is the beginning of a local agitation) . . . G. W. riflemen get the diamond-studded guns for defeating Navy for the first time that school has been beaten in years. . . (the last defeat being administered by the Colonial Musketeers) . . . if we must have bridge tournaments we're not too reluctant to throw a bouquet Alpha Delta Pi way for winning the Panhel tourney. . . and then there's the Malkus Symphony effort, which is going along first-rate. . . Lou has been confronted with the necessity of revising the program. . . (Gottlieb found it necessary to withdraw his assistance in rehearsing) . . . the G. W. radio debate, while it's "old stuff," rates a posse. . . and it's congrats to the Cherry Tree staff for extending time on subscription payments in view of the present banking situation. . . (here's hoping the University sees fit to grant a like extension until checks are again accepted as par) . . . probably a good idea, the abolition of the point system. . . (while it may have many arguments in its favor, the peculiar student body situation at G. W. seems to make logical the abolition of the system) . . . a bouquet to the Morton Sunday tea with its hotcha orchestra. . . (seems there was a little murmuring on the service) . . . your own ticket for the misunderstanding

NOTES ON COLLEGIATE ACTIVITIES

Phi Pi Epsilon Will Hear Ruth Allen Discuss Spain

An informal discussion of Spain will be given by Ruth Joyce Allen, of the State Department, at the March speaker meeting of Phi Pi Epsilon, foreign service fraternity for women, to be held at the Kappa Delta House tonight.

Miss Allen, who is enrolled in the Junior College and a member of Phi Pi Epsilon, has just returned from Spain, where she attended the International Radiotelegraph Conference as a member of the staff of the American delegation.

Judge Linebarger Will Talk on Sun Yat Sen

Judge Paul Linebarger will address the Swisher History Club tonight at 8 in W-27. He will speak on Sun Yat Sen, the leader of the Chinese revolution against the Manchu dynasty.

Judge Linebarger, who was formerly legal advisor to Sun Yat Sen, is now legal advisor to the National Government of China at Nanking. At the present time he is doing research work at the Library of Congress.

Provost Wilbur Lectures On "Pilgrim's Progress"

"The History of Pilgrim's Progress" will be the subject of Provost William Allen Wilbur's lecture to be given before the Women's Club at Bethesda this afternoon.

CALENDAR

Tuesday, March 14

Phi Pi Epsilon will hold a speaker meeting at 7:45 p. m. at the Kappa Delta House.

The Swisher History Club will meet in W-27 at 8 p. m.

The Luther Club will meet at 8 p. m. in Lambie House.

Wednesday, March 15

Pi Delta Epsilon will meet at 8 p. m. in The Hatchet office.

Gammas Eta Zeta will meet at 12 noon in the Chi Omega rooms.

The International Relations Club will meet at 8 p. m. in Lambie House.

The Drama Appreciation Club will meet at 7:15 p. m. in Lambie House for rehearsals.

The W. A. A. will have a banquet at the Kennedy-Warren at 7:30 p. m.

The Wesley Club will meet at 8 p. m. in W-17. James Pritchard will speak on prohibition.

The Mathematics Club will meet in W-22 at 8 p. m. Albert Wertheimer will speak on "Some Problems in Nomography."

Baptist Student Union meeting, Lambie House, 7 p. m.

There will be a W. A. A. Board meeting at 1 p. m. in Building R, second floor.

The Liberal Club will hold a business meeting at 8 p. m. in W-15.

Le Cercle Francais Universitaire will meet at 7:30 p. m. in Building R, second floor.

Thursday, March 16

Christian Science Organization will hold its services at 8:10 p. m. on the second floor of Lambie House.

Friday, March 17

Chapel services will be held at 12:10 p. m. in W-10.

Monday, March 20

The Women's Intramural Board will meet at 12 noon in Building R, second floor.

Ode to The Hatchet

When on Sunday night you want to have a date
Or at least get home before it gets too late
Or perhaps catch up a little on your sleep
It's go to The Hatchet!
When you want to make a two-eighteen count more
Or have your own ideas on a two-twenty-four
You only get a laugh for your pains
When you're at The Hatchet.

male who answers sorority room telephone. . . (don't ask us how we know, Betty) . . . bouquet to that Law Review staff member who is running himself ragged to pay a \$1.40 debt to a Hatchet typist. . . (and he's been trying to get rid of the dough for two weeks. . . Ripley please copy) . . . Just as we go to press we learn that a French prof ejected from his classes all students who did not purchase a new text over the week-end. A carload of brickbats to him, and may we remind him that there is a bank holiday throughout the country which finds students short of the necessary ducats to buy texts. . .

ANTON OMASIA.

Used Books

Economics, Fiction, History, Art, Americana, Biography—Browse through the 25-cent stands out front, and through the shelves inside (50 cents and up). You are almost sure to find books you want, and you may be surprised how much money you can save.

Paul Pearlman
1711 G STREET N. W.

New . . . LUNCHES 25c 30c

Choice of meat, two vegetables, bread, butter, beverage. Soup or cocktail may be substituted for one vegetable. 25c

Choice of meat, one vegetable, large salad or dessert, bread, butter, beverage. 30c

THE FOOD SHOP
20TH & G STREETS
SERVICE 7:30 A. M. TO 7:30 P. M.

Come to Headquarters!

For pure, unadulterated Cokes in the inimitable Verne and Larry style . . . for quick or leisurely sandwiches and fountain delicacies.

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

Quigley's

Student Headquarters
Meet your friends at Quigley's.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP

10th, 11th, F, and G Streets

For Quality Dry Cleaning --

Phone District 5300

We will call to collect any garments you want dry cleaned. All the work will be done under our direct supervision, using only the most modern machinery, the utmost care, and the best possible manner.

Buff and Blue Rifle Team Sinks Undeclared Navy Gunners

SPORT axe By JOHN BUSICK

Things are moving right along under the practiced eye of Ed Morris in baseball sessions. And Max Farrington is aiding the coach with preliminary gym work. Max was quite a catcher himself in the old days at Westminster with Pixlee, Myers, Sexton, etc.

Battery candidates may profit considerably by his aid. At present the indoor work is little more than a general limbering up but any likely pitching material will certainly get plenty of opportunity to prove its worth.

The first thing mentioned by Morris after the introductions and bouquets of the first meeting were disposed of, was the pitching problem. And was this writer's face red when he discovered that the man whom he had been punching in the stomach with his elbow was none other than Al Williams, former New York Giant notable. YOWSAH!

There'll be plenty of familiar faces in the opening line-up around April 20, but a lot of men play baseball well who never go in for anything else in the sport world. Few college nines play in a major league ball park at their home ground. And still fewer play a complete night home schedule at \$2.00 per. Which makes the moguls believe that this project will go over with a BANG. Wonder what Curly Byrd thinks? He may express an opinion before long.

A glance around the local scene. The Hoya's still talking about Georgetown's unexpected 28-27 victory over Pitt. And the fine play of its high-scoring guard, Ed Hargaden. But compare the 45-15 win of G. U. over Baltimore to the Colonials' 44-26 triumph over the same. Now somebody will start agitation for a post-season game. Coach Jack Hagerty is toiling with his gridders already. And hoping for a better break next year. Bozie Berger, Maryland contribution to the Major Leagues, is working out with the Cleveland Indians and may land a utility job. Veterans seem to have the regular posts well in hand. Bob Considine, Post baseball writer, who conducted this column no so long ago, is doing a fine job with the Senators down at Biloxi. Spring grid will be at Maryland are well advanced with the frosh of last year scrimmaging the rest of the squad in a so-called "grudge" battle. Jazz Harmony, Old Line boxing mentor, bears his title in silence.

(Continued on Page 6.)

The PARK LANE Inn

21st and Pa. Ave. N. W.
Breakfast—Lunch—Dinner
Open Sundays and Holidays
Mrs. B. Pieper, Proprietress

STRAYER COLLEGE

721 Thirteenth St., Washington, D. C.

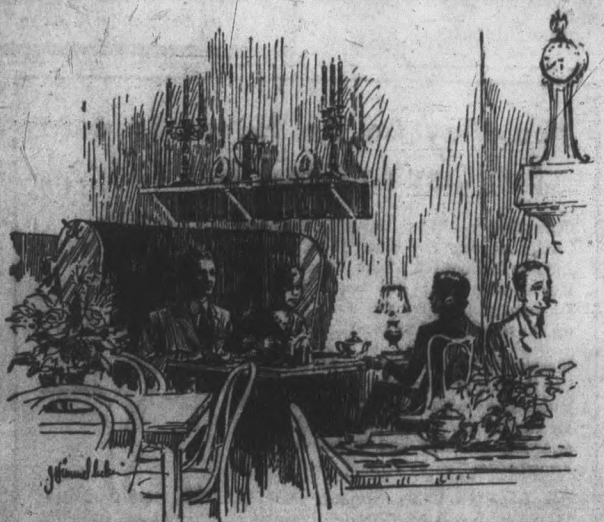
Supplement your liberal arts education with a specialized college-grade business training! Executive Secretarial courses qualify college students for responsible business positions.

Accounting and Business Administration courses leading to the B.C.S. and M.C.S. degrees offered in Strayer College of Accountancy. Able staff of C.P.A. instructors and attorneys at law.

Two Hundred Fifteen Colleges and Universities Represented by Annual Enrollment of 1600 Students.

Address Registrar for Catalog

A COLLEGIATE INSTITUTION
For
BUSINESS TRAINING



Tea Leaves
Read Saturday
Eve While
You Dine

The New
Cleaver
Cafeteria
1715 G ST. N.W.

Breakfast Lunch Dinner

Middies Receive Initial Setback Of Five Years

U. S. N. A. Defeated by Five
Points in Telegraphic
Match Wednesday

SCORE, 1,395 TO 1,930

Johnny Brightenberg and Julian Brylawski Lead Scoring Tie at 282

The Navy's intercollegiate rifle team was toppled by a blast of the Colonial rifers in a telegraphic match last Wednesday when the hitherto unbeaten Middies were stopped by a margin of five points, the score being 1395 to 1390.

The Navy's defeat was the first they have suffered in five years of hard college competition, and incidentally the local marksmen were the last to turn the trick, when in 1928 they outshot the Sailors for the national championship. Johnny Brightenberg and Julian Brylawski, with 282 apiece, lead the scoring for Coach Parson's men, while Rutherford of Navy was high for the match with 284.

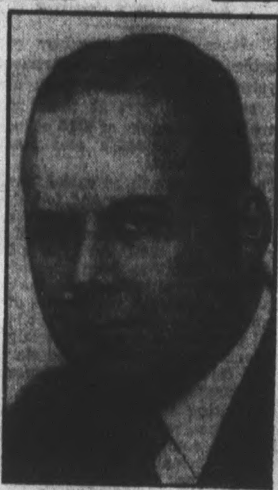
The Colonials acquired their winning margin at kneeling, outscoring their foes by five points in this position, while they were held even at standing and prone.

In a shoulder-to-shoulder practice meet at Annapolis on Saturday, the Buff and Blue marksmen bowed to the experienced Tars by 23 points, the totals being 1389-1366.

The locals again led in the kneeling position, but the Navy piled up a decisive margin at prone and standing.

GEORGE WASHINGTON				
Prone	Kneeling	Standing	Total	
J. Brylawski	97	96	89	282
J. Brightenberg	100	96	86	282
V. Landman	96	93	87	276
T. Zahn	97	97	82	276
W. Schmidt	98	97	84	279
				1,390
NAVY				
Prone	Kneeling	Standing	Total	
Rutherford	106	96	88	290
Bloom	98	93	88	279
Wells	93	93	86	272
V. Brylawski	93	93	84	270
Burdick	92	95	83	270
				1,390
GEORGE WASHINGTON				
Prone	Kneeling	Standing	Total	
McDougal	97	96	85	278
Strickler	100	93	80	273
Rutherford	100	96	82	278
Wells	99	93	87	282
Burdick	97	93	87	277
				1,389
NAVY				
Prone	Kneeling	Standing	Total	
And	96	96	71	263
Brightenberg	99	95	88	282
Brylawski	98	95	86	279
Neal	98	91	80	269
Landman	98	96	77	271
				1,389

New Mentor



EDWARD K. MORRIS.

Well-known Washington business man and sportsman, who was named to head the baseball team this spring. A veteran of many years coaching and playing experience, Morris took over his new duties immediately and began the direction of preliminary workouts last Thursday.

Playing shortstop on the Williams varsity nine, he used his knowledge to the best advantage in coaching at a boys' school in Massachusetts and playing on various professional organizations in New York and Massachusetts. Since 1921 he has been identified with the Federal Storage Co., whose sandlot team he headed last season.

Five Varsity Court Stars Will Graduate

Zahn, Burgess, Chambers, Fenlon and Mulvey End Spectacular Careers

That old spectacle, graduation, is knocking a tremendous hole in the finest basketball team that ever drew cheers from the Buff and Blue cheering section. Burgess, Zahn, Chambers, Fenlon, and Mulvey—never again will they bring a local audience to its feet with long floor shots, and quick scoring plays. Never in recent years has a Colonial team suffered so severe a loss of such a fine group of athletes.

Undoubtedly the most valuable man to his team during the past two years, Captain Otto Zahn will long be remembered by local court enthusiasts. A fine passer, an excellent long shooter, and the finest all-around player to show here in recent years, Zahn will leave a well-nigh unfillable hole in the Colonial's line-up.

Forrest Burgess, will leave to his successor the task of filling the shoes of the speediest forward seen on local courts for some time. He has led the District scoring twice, during the past season and in 1931. Previous to his play at George Washington, Burgess was an all-high selection for two years and an outstanding player at American University.

In Johnny Fenlon's passing, Coach Pixlee loses the court services of his greatest athlete of recent years. While not a regular, Fenlon has proved to be an exceptional substitute. When Zahn was incapacitated for the St. Johns game, Johnny played brilliantly and

(Continued on Page 5.)

BOXING TOURNAMENT

Harry Kleiman, director of the newly-formed Squared Circle which has been meeting regularly for instruction and practice, is forming plans for an all-University boxing tournament. Open to all men registered at George Washington, the tourney will begin within the next two weeks and will cater to boxers in various divisions from 118 pounds up. Finals in each class will be held during the carnival, scheduled for the first week in May.

"A New Deal"

in



Quick Service
Moderate Prices

GIBSON
Brothers, Inc.

1812 Eye St. N.W. Nat. 1237

League Lead Tied As Bowlers Reach Finish This Week

D. T. D., S. M. S. Tied in
League B; T. U. O. Holds
One-Game Lead in A.

STANDINGS

League A.			League B.		
W.	L.	Pct.	W.	L.	Pct.
T. U. O.	3	.750	D. T. D.	3	.750
P. S. K.	3	.687	S. M. S.	3	.750
S. N.	7	.583	Acacia	6	.500
K. S.	6	.500	S. P. E.	5	.417
S. A. E.	4	.333	E. A.	4	.333
S. X.	2	.175	T. D. X.	3	.250

One-pin margins decided the important games of the interfraternity bowling competition last Saturday. The leader in one league was upset and the runner-up failed to usurp that position, both by the presence of a solitary pin. Likewise it was a single stick that prevented a triple tie in the other league.

In League A, Kappa Sigma spoiled T. U. O. chances for a clean sweep by rolling a record game of 886 in their last endeavor of the evening. Sigma Nu lost a chance to tie for second place by dropping their third game to S. A. E. by a single pin. A grand opportunity was wasted by Phi Sig when they lost their first game to Sigma Chi by two pins. A victory would have meant a first place tie, as the leaders dropped a game. Thus, S. A. E. and S. X., although definitely out of the running, were the basis for the possible mix-up.

In League B, the Deltas met a tartar in the Acacians, and although having a higher pinfall, lost two of the three, falling into a first place tie with Sigma Mu Sigma. The final efforts of the Delta team garnered a 551 game. Sigma Mu Sigma was within a pin of the lead, but dropped the first game to Kappa Alpha by a single stick. Theta Delta took two games from S. P. E. in preparation for their fight for last place with K. A. this week.

There is a battle for positions this week in the last matches of the tournament. The leaders, place, and last place teams are engaging each other, so the worthy and less worthy are fighting it out among themselves.

An interfraternity sweepstakes, to become an annual affair, is to have its debut this year. It will take place after the play-off for the cup. All interfraternity bowlers who participated in the tournament are eligible. Those interested are requested to file entrance with their team captain.

Next Week's Games.
League A—T. U. O. vs. P. S. K.; S. N. vs. K. S.; S. X. vs. S. A. E.
League B—D. T. D. vs. S. M. S.; S. P. E. vs. Acacia; T. D. X. vs. K. A.

Colonials to Meet Nodaks October 6

North Dakota Only Out-of-Town Game in Hard Schedule for Pixleemen

Negotiations with North Dakota University were closed last Saturday for a football game with the Nodaks to be played at their home stadium in Grand Forks, on Friday night, October 6. This engagement fills the vacant spot for the second game of the schedule and completes the list of games for next year. Definite confirmation of the Clemson and Tulsa games for October 13 and November 17, respectively, was also made by Athletic Director Jim Pixlee in the same announcement.

The North Dakota contest is the only game in the schedule of nine that takes the Colonial gridders away from home. It also makes the fifth night contest listed, giving a predominance in this class. Other games to be played under the lights are with Clemson, West Virginia Wesleyan, Washington and Jefferson, and Tulsa.

Two years ago North Dakota U. came East after a most auspicious season and was tied by the Colonials, 6-6, on Thanksgiving Day. It was easily the local classic of that season, George Washington coming from behind to tie the score in the last minute of play. The Nodaks lost their grip on the North Central Conference title last season which they had held four years in succession.

Their string was broken by their deadliest rivals, North Dakota State, which eked out a 7-6 victory. Following this triumph, State ventured into the East and had its perfect record marred by a decisive 20-0 defeat at the hands of G. W., which seems to have the Indian sign on these Bison State teams.

Sept. 30—Catawba.
Oct. 6—North Dakota U. (night).
Oct. 13—Clemson (night).
Oct. 21—Auburn.
Oct. 27—West Virginia Wesleyan (night).
Nov. 4—Tennessee.
Nov. 10—Washington and Jefferson (night).
Nov. 17—Tulsa (night).
Thanksgiving Day—North Carolina State.

FOOTBALL MANAGERS, ATTENTION!

Manager Ray Coombes, of the varsity football team, requests all men interested in applying for freshman managerships in football to meet him at the gym tomorrow at 2:30 p. m. Spring practice begins immediately, and Coombes is desirous of selecting the men at once, for service now and in preparation for the regular seasons next fall.

Twice Daily Gym Sessions Prepare Battery Candidates

Coach Morris in Search of
Pitchers; Seventy Men
Working Out

Two practice sessions daily in the gym since last Thursday have been the initial step of Coach Ed Morris in preparation for the first outdoor drills in baseball. Following the opening meeting of candidates Wednesday to which 45 men reported, the new mentor has begun a careful search for pitching material. With that thought in mind, battery workouts have been conducted with some 15 prospective hurlers and a half-dozen catchers undergoing Morris' experienced scrutiny.

Although primarily held for battery men, ambitious candidates for other positions on the nine are working with the squad. With the advent of warm weather, which Morris undoubtedly prays for each night, practice will begin in earnest with the entire aggregation moving outside.

Pepper drills, in the form of bunts and grounders tapped as fast as the gym permits, occupied the major part of Saturday's late sessions after the two pitching groups had retired. Infielders scooped up whistling bouncers and were burning 'em over to Ed Alfaro at the imaginary first sack when Morris cautioned:

"Not too fast, boys, pick 'em up cleanly first, then throw out the runner."

The usual tendency of pitchers to open up too quickly has been pretty well curbed by Morris and Max Farrington, acting as assistant in initial practices. Although extremely anxious to uncover any likely mound material, the coaches warned some of the too ambitious to slacken up. "Plenty of time for that later," counseled the smiling mentor.

One gets the distinct impression from the sidelines that Morris is getting a big kick out of his new duties. Good-natured, genial, and untiring, he is faced with the usual difficult problems that any coach expects in his first campaign. But his faith in baseball and in the general outlook here have kept a continual expression on his countenance that threatens to break into a smile.

With approximately 70 men on hand and listed for action, the squad has reached its probable final, but any new men will be welcomed and given a thorough trial. Interested candidates should report to Farrington, fill out a data card, and then turn out for practice at 2:30 or 4 p. m.

Gridiron Candidates Begin Spring Work

Coaches Pixlee and Walsh
Issue Special Invitation to
New Candidates

Spring football practice starts tomorrow.

Coach Len Walsh has issued a call for candidates to next year's varsity to appear at that time. Coach Walsh is particularly interested in the appearance of new candidates to supplant the long list of veteran material on hand. Pixlee, Walsh & Co. will pay particular attention to new material, giving them every consideration in the hope of unearthing some outstanding successors to the ten men who are graduating this June. Veterans who report for training will be put through the customary limbering-up exercises, and specific study will be centered on the tackling and blocking positions and tactics.

Director Pixlee will undoubtedly watch closely the sophomore candidates for it was in last spring's meetings that such stellar performers as Bill Parrish, Nig McCarver, Johnny Baker, Hardy Pearce, and Chris Doose were uncovered. With these five men and a few veterans of '31 will rest the "Burden of '33."

Save Time Raise Grades

Here's a helpful ally that will rob your written work of its tediousness—you don't have to take our word for it—ask anyone who owns one. Or better, call us at District 1630 and we'll arrange for you to see for yourself. The UNDERWOOD PORTABLE will save your time and add to the effectiveness of your essays, notes, and term papers.

Standard
Keyboard
Term
Payments

Underwood
ELLIOTT-FISHER CO.
1413 New York Ave.

Intramural Baseball Managers Appointed

Coach Jean Sexton, in charge of intramural sports, has announced the appointment of all managers for the intramural baseball teams. These managers, representing various colleges and divisions of the University with teams scheduled to play in the intramural league this season, will hold their first meeting at noon tomorrow in Sexton's office to draw up the schedule and make final plans for the season.

All persons interested in trying out for their divisional teams should contact the manager at once. The season will open around April 15 and continue for six weeks.

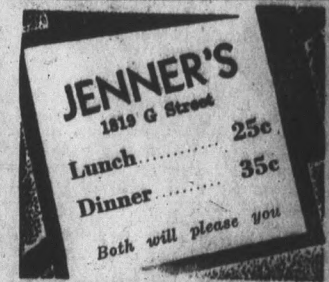
The appointed men, listed below, should be sure and report to the first meeting in the gym tomorrow at 12 o'clock noon: Pre-Med, Russell Payne; Engineers, Gordon Noble; Pharmacy, Louis J. Lamb; Columbian College, Grant Van Demark; and Junior College, Maury Young.

Marksmen Triumph Over Hoya Rifleman

A grudge victory that was extremely gratifying to Coach Harry Parsons was rung up last Monday when the Colonial marksmen decisively defeated the Georgetown rifle team by a margin of over 50 points.

The finals totals of 1,360-1,303 punctured a string of unbroken G. U. victories this season. Although usually outscoring the Hoya rifers, the Colonials received unusually keen competition in this contest. Schmidt topped the George Washington shooters in this match.

During the past week the rifers shot a telegraphic match with Johns Hopkins with the official score not yet received from the N. R. A.



After College WHAT?



Advertising?

Frederick C. Kendall, editor of Advertising & Selling, says, "Advertising is still young. Yet it is already a vital part of every important industry. The professional advertising man must be not only a thoughtful student of human nature, but also a student of all American business."

"SPARKING" ideas are the life blood of advertising. That's why advertising men, as well as college men, turn to a pipe. For a good pipe with the right tobacco is man's first-aid to clear thinking and wisdom. As for the "right tobacco"—that's Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.

Just one puff will tell you why. It's that truly individual blend of fine old burleys—a blend you find only in Edgeworth. Once you try Edgeworth, nothing less will do. Want to try before you buy? Write for free sample packet. Address Larus & Bro. Co., 103 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

*A recent investigation showed Edgeworth the favorite smoke at 42 out of 54 leading colleges

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO



SOCIETY

St. Patrick's Day Celebration Holds Promise of Colorful Dances, Parties; Fraternities Elect Chapter Officers

Founders' Day Observed by S. A. E., Phi Sigma Kappa, and Chi Omega

The approach of St. Patrick's Day finds campus organizations planning to celebrate the Irish holiday in wholehearted fashion. Dances, radio parties and impromptu functions will be enjoyed by students over the week-end.

Newman Club Plans St. Patrick's Day Dance.

The Newman Club is having its annual St. Patrick's dance at Kenwood Friday, March 17, from 10 to 1. Cliff Dyer's Paragons are to supply the music. Robert Austin is in charge of the arrangements. All Catholic students have been invited to attend.

Kappa Alpha is giving a dance at the chapter house Friday, March 17. Music by Dagmoir is to start at 10. Arrangements are under the direction of Robert Bannerman.

Kappa Delta is entertaining at a Saint Patrick's day radio party at the chapter house Friday, March 17.

Social Organizations Celebrate Founders' Day.

Lambda Chapter of Phi Sigma Kappa is planning its annual founders' day banquet Wednesday evening, March 15, at 7:30 o'clock, commemorating the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the fraternity. Representative Donald McLean, an alumnus of The George Washington University and a member of the fraternity, will be one of the principal speakers of the evening. Other speakers will include Dr. William T. Davis, Dr. Camp Stanley, Mr. Charles R. Huff, Mr. Norman S. Meese, and Robert M. Estes, as toastmaster. Laurence Parker will feature a series of moving pictures depicting the founding of the fraternity, and illustrating the meaning of the national organization to its members.

The thirtieth anniversary of Phi Alpha chapter of Chi Omega was celebrated with a buffet supper in the chapter house Thursday, March 9. Ruth Warren was awarded the plaque for the most outstanding senior in the chapter.

Founders' Day with a banquet Thursday, March 9, attended by members and their dates.

Columbian Women entertained with a tea Tuesday, March 7, in Fellowship Hall of the Western Presbyterian Church. Miss Elizabeth Peet, president of Columbian Women, received Miss Clara W. McQuown, who was the guest speaker at the meeting which followed the social hour.

Sigma Chi entertained the new initiates with a dance at the house Friday, March 10. The Arabian Knights' orchestra furnished the rhythm.

Pi Beta Phi held open house in the chapter rooms Sunday afternoon, March 12.

Phi Sigma Kappa gave a radio party at the house Saturday evening, March 11.

Get Your Text Books at
LOWDERMILK'S
1418 F St.

Authorized Events

The following social functions have been authorized for the coming week by the calendar committee of the Student Council:

Tuesday, March 14.
Dance Recital—Pierce Hall.
Wednesday, March 15.
W. A. A. Banquet—Kennedy-Warren.
Friday, March 17.
Newman Club Dance—Kenwood.
Kappa Delta Radio Party—House.
Kappa Alpha Dance—House.

11, after the interfraternity bowling matches.

Delphi entertained at tea in the Alpha Delta Pi rooms Sunday, March 12.

Sigma Phi Epsilon held a radio party at the house Sunday evening, March 12.

Chi Sigma Gamma, women's chemical sorority, opened its rushing season Sunday, February 26, with a tea held at Carolyn Seibert's home. Wednesday night, March 8, Mary Alice Phillips' home was the scene of an agreeable party, at which all kinds of games were enjoyed.

Phi Sigma Kappa and Phi Mu Announce Initiations.

Phi Sigma Kappa announces the formal initiation on Friday evening, March 10, of Hamilton Colt, William E. Fifth, Laurence Parker, and Walter Troland.

Phi Mu announces the initiation of Barbara Fries, Evelyn Lambert, and Mary Perrin on Thursday, March 9. The new initiates were entertained at a supper following the service at the home of Dorothy Wilson.

The Friars gave a welcome home party on March 6 at the fraternity house for five of its members returning from the Mardi Gras and a short vacation in Florida.

The Swisher History Club entertained at a card party in Lambie House, Thursday, March 9.

Congressman Theodore Christianson, of Minnesota, was a dinner guest at Acadia Sunday.

Pi Beta Phi Mothers' Club had a luncheon and meeting in the sorority rooms on March 9.

The Friars had as their guest over the week-end William Cusick, of Providence, R. I.

The Mothers' Club of Alpha Delta Pi entertained the mothers of the newly-initiated girls at tea Friday afternoon, March 10.

Jimmy Wallington, side-kick of Eddie Cantor, was a guest at the Sigma Chi house after the broadcast Sunday evening.

Jack Morton was host to a group of students and their friends at a tea dance at the Crystal Caverns Club on Sunday afternoon. The Arabian Knights orchestra furnished the music.

District of Columbia Alpha of Sigma Phi Epsilon has selected the following officers for the coming year: Charles C. Chesnut, president; Andrew J. McCollum, vice president; Walter A. Sompayrac, secretary; George Hawes, guard; and William Lemke, historian.

Odds Defeat Evens In Class Volley Ball

Gathering a total of 59 points to their opponents' 32, the Odd team, composed of sophomores and seniors, carried off the honors in the Odd-Even volleyball game.

Elinor Grollman captained the winning team of Haley, Apfel, Wilson; seniors; and Grollman, Shipp, Lovelless, Douglas, Brill, and Spaulding, sophomores. Miriam Casteel was elected captain of the Even team, composed of Casteel, Bloss, Meyers, R. Young, juniors; and Detwiler, Koons, Sehorn, Ireland, freshmen.

With the playing of this game the volleyball season officially closed except for the choosing of an honorary varsity team from the above players.

Volley ball, although inaugurated this year, was voted a major sport at the last meeting of the W. A. A. Board.

Catling Wins Award For Individual Score

Lincoln Places Second; Winner Turns in Card of 288 of Possible 300

As a result of the individual squad match, shot by The George Washington University women's rifle team during the month of February, Dorothy Catling came out as high scorer with a total of 288 points out of a possible 300. She will be presented with a gold medal by the rifle team at the sports banquet, when varsity awards are made.

Fifteen women participated in this match, the five highest scorers being accepted.

The results of the entire match were as follows:

	1.	2.	3.	Total
Catling	97	95	96	288
Lincoln	89	98	98	285
Thompson	95	94	96	285
Ficklin	96	96	92	284
Kennedy	97	93	89	279

Eleanor Feeler, Elizabeth Phelps, and Hortense Gifford tied for sixth place with 278 points.

The scores made in the individual squad match excel those in any such previous match. Due to their fine work in this competition, Catling and Lincoln are being tested for the varsity team.

Class matches are now being shot under the supervision of newly-elected class managers. Those filling the offices are: Catling, junior class team; Lincoln, sophomore team; and Ficklin, freshman team.

Bowling Tournament Replaces Basketball

Women's Intramural Teams Will Run off Elimination Bowling Contest

An elimination bowling tournament will be substituted for the league basketball tournament originally scheduled by the Women's Intramural Board for the next four weeks. The first round matches are listed for Thursday night, March 16, at 7 p. m.

At that time five matches will be rolled: Sigma Kappa vs. Pi Beta Phi, Pi Sigma Sigma vs. Phi Mu, Phi Delta vs. Kappa Kappa Gamma, Kappa Delta vs. Delta Zeta, and Alpha Delta Pi vs. Alpha Delta Theta. In the first bracketings Zeta Tau Alpha, Alpha Epsilon Phi, and Chi Omega drew byes.

Four rounds will complete the tournament in which thirteen teams are entered. Semi-finals are scheduled for March 22, with the final match March 28.

Elinor Grollman will direct the tournament and must be consulted in case of default or questions concerning the schedule. The deadline for default notification is 4 p. m. game day, after which time the usual fine will be imposed on the defaulting team. All matches will be rolled at the K street Y. W. C. A.

Gordon H. Sullivan was reelected as delegate to the Interfraternity Council.

Lambda Chapter of Phi Sigma Kappa at its meeting Sunday, March 12, elected as its officers: John B. Lathrop, president; Earl M. Knibbiely, vice president; Donald E. Lane, secretary; Delmar O. Beasley, treasurer; Richard H. Snow, auditor; and Harold D. Hadley, inductor. Bill Hanback will continue as interfraternity delegate, and John B. Olverson was appointed social chairman.

Rowena and Betty Chaffetz and Sylvia Edlavitch attended the regional Phi Delta Epsilon convention at the Southern Hotel in Baltimore last week-end. Richardson Tebbets, of Tufts College, was a guest of Catherine Wheeler during the week-end.

Marie Smith and Jane Norford spent last week-end at William and Mary.

Miss Florence McHard, of Denver, Colo., was a guest of Anne Watson over the week-end.

Josephine Raynor entertained at a bridge party on Friday, March 10.

Personals.
Kappa Kappa Gamma announces the marriage of Nellie Howlett to Chester Bergey. Josephine Raynor and Evelyn Iverson were in the wedding party.

S. Benjamin Bock entertained at bridge Saturday evening at his home. His guests were Professor and Mrs. William C. Johnstone, Naomi Myers, Lolita Toothaker, E. Wiggins Waugh, John L. Bass, and Richard L. Barner.

Dance Recital Given By Students Tonight

Annual Affair to Be Presented at Pierce Hall; Varied Program Planned

Students who are members of the dancing classes in the department of physical education for women of the University will present their annual dance recital tonight at 8:15 o'clock, in Pierce Hall, Sixteenth and Harvard streets northwest.

The program will be varied, ranging from the familiar clog and folk dances to original compositions in impressionistic style to the accompaniment of modern music. Of the latter type is "Grottesque," which has been created and will be presented by Orchesis, the dance club. The fantastic movements of this number are heightened in effect by unusual costumes designed especially for the dance, which combine the startling use of color with queer headgear and weird exaggeration of hands.

Interesting studies interpretative of the spiritual, work, and play phases of negro life compose one group on the program, including "Negro Spiritual," "Negro Work Song," and "Crap Shootin'." Syncopation, as one of the chief characteristics of the negro, will predominate in this group.

Fundamentals to be illustrated.
A dance in an abstract design based on various accents and rhythms found in four-four time, will be presented to the accompaniment of percussion instruments. For this number the dancers will wear copper-colored costumes, suggestive of the cymbals.

Students majoring in physical education will present a group illustrative of the fundamentals of movement in the dance. They will also interpret the Rachmaninoff Prelude, and will present a "Study in Mood," contrasting "Gloom," interpreted to the measures of the Chopin Funeral March, with "Gayety," inspired by a bright tune of Percy Grainger.

The entire program has been planned and executed by the students, assisted by Miss Ruth Aubeck, instructor in physical education for women, who is in charge of the dancing classes. Costumes have been designed by Myrtle Williams, a student in the University's Division of Fine Arts. Helen Spasoff will play the accompaniments and will also present piano selections during the intermission.

Women's Sports Calendar

The following events of interest to sportswomen are scheduled for the current week:

Tuesday, March 14, 8:15 p. m., Pierce Hall, Sixteenth and Harvard streets—Annual dance recital.

Wednesday, March 15, 7:30 p. m., Kennedy-Warren—Annual winter banquet of the Women's Athletic Association.

Thursday, March 16, 7 p. m., Gymnasium—Intramural basketball. Alpha Delta Pi vs. Phi Sigma Sigma; Alpha Delta Theta vs. Phi Delta.



The Beauty School
by Helena Rubinstein
Noted Beauty Authority

FEATURING PRETTINESS

How many times have you been told, girls, that "you can't eat your cake and have it too"—and how many times have you said or thought, rebelliously, "why not?" And when you hear "Be smart, sweet girl and let who will be pretty," or words to that effect—do you feel just as rebellious—or even more so? For there is some truth in the first aphorism.

But cheer up—smartness is not everything—not unless you are really not pretty at all, yet possess certain characteristics that must be brought out and made the most of—and that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story. Just now we will consider the type that is best expressed in softness, curves, a charming face and figure, everything subordinated to that. She doesn't even have to worry too much about what is in style, for she can choose her gowns, hats and cosmetics to emphasize her natural good points. Her basic beauty secret is in naturalness, the ability to accentuate it or create it for herself.

Pastel tones make one prettier—conventional deep tones relieved with touches of white and pale tints; flesh tints next to the face are always flattering and soft materials, velvets, crepes, chiffons and georgettes are first aids. Flowers are becoming and so are hats with brims. But don't elaborate—too large a hat—too many frills—too many pale, indefinite colors, and avoid the bizarre in jewelry, gloves, hats and nail polish.

Hair waved and curled, essentially feminine, is important in this picture. Keep it shining clean; brush it every day, not forgetting a good tonic two or three times weekly to impart tone, softness and gloss. Hands should be kept lovely too, a hand lotion and youthifying hand cream will keep them soft and white and a shell-pink nail groom will add to their naturalness.

When you wear rouge, a red coral color carefully blended will give a natural rosy warmth of color to your cheeks. And use a matching lipstick, merely accenting the natural color of your lips. A natural or peachbloom powder will play up the pinkness in your skin. In creating this picture that is you—give it in every detail, consistency—the first essential quality of all good looks, tasteful dressing, good grooming and correct makeup.

Faculty Women Will Have Party Saturday

Victims of the financial crisis, the Faculty Women's Club has been forced to cancel the dinner which they had planned to give Saturday evening at the Grace Dodge Hotel in honor of their husbands, and substitute in its place a party to be held in Corcoran Hall at 8 p. m.

Entertainment will be furnished by the Newcomers in the form of a play, "The Spreaders of the News." Dr. Robert Harmon and his quartet will sing for the party. There will be a 25-cent tax.

Freshmen, Juniors Defeat Odd Team

Honorary Basketball Varsity to Be Selected From These Combination Teams

Predictions were upset when the junior-freshman basketball team defeated the senior-sophomore six in a fast battle at 8 o'clock on Wednesday, March 8, by a score of 18 to 11.

The winning squad was composed of Kitty Fox, Catherine Crane, Hildegarde Swenson, Patsy Joyes, Louise Cox, Mary Lee Watkins, Henrietta Hobson, and Mary Ireland.

The members of the team of the old classes were Frances Thompson, Adele Apfel, Reba Barton, Grace Haley, Dot Wilson, Gretchen Feiker, Jane Hill, Frances Douglass, and Marie Tabanski. From the starting whistle the game was breathlessly close. The two teams were tied at the end of the first quarter, but at the end of the half the even classes led by two points. The score stood ten to nine at the end of the third quarter, and it was not until the last quarter, when Feiker, the indispensable sophomore guard, left the game that the winners rolled up their lead to come out seven points ahead.

The honorary varsity will be selected from these combination teams, and awards will be presented at the W. A. A. winter sports banquet on March 15.

Did You See?

At the Delphi Tea?

Louise Linkins dressed in an ankle-length, flame-colored crepe and an elbow-length cape with deep fringe. With this she wore long black suede gloves and black suede slippers.

Marian Boyle in a black velvet tea gown cut very severely and relieved only by a small band of ermine on the short sleeves.

At the Pi Beta Phi Open House?

Cherie Seaman a perfect picture in a jade green dress with long bell sleeves and a high collar which buttoned down the back with tiny silver buttons. Her hat was of silver lace trimmed with a little roll of jade velvet, and she wore a corsage of pansies and lilies of the valley.

Monta Ruediger looking very attractive in an aquamarine flat crepe trimmed with an ascot collar of brown crepe and brown buttons. The sleeves were puffed to the elbow and banded in a narrow band of brown. Two old-fashioned gold bracelets and a corsage of gardenias were the ornaments she wore.

At the Fashion Show at Lansburgh's? Jane Hughes and Julia Fick dressed as bridesmaids in blue and pink starched chiffon frocks fastened with jeweled star-shaped clips. The petaloid capes tied at one side, giving them the effect of being longer on the left side.

Betty Jacobs looking very demure in a plaid chiffon evening dress. The colors were blue, yellow, green, and brown on a white background. A large white bow on each shoulder was the only trimming.

At the Sigma Chi Dance?

Midge Montgomery in a smart black crepe dress with two huge ruffles of both black and white pleated organdy at the arm holes. Her black turban was very close fitting and was partially covered with smooth black and white feathers.

Yours in fashion,
DILLE.

Schedule for Spring Sports Announced

Baseball, Tennis, Archery, Golf, and Swimming Included in Program

With the close of the winter sports schedule at hand, the physical education department for women announces the schedule for the spring season which will commence April 3.

During the period from March 20 to 31 physical examinations will be given to all freshman and sophomore women. On April 3 regular classes in the spring sports will begin.

The choice of activity for this new season includes swimming, baseball, tennis, golf, and riding. Archery is offered for those students required to take limited work.

Freshmen and sophomores who pass the University swimming test may take any one of the sports offered, but students failing to pass the test must enroll in one of the swimming classes. The swimming test consists of swimming the length of the Y. W. C. A. tank twice, demonstrating one strike in good form, simple dive, and the deep-water test.

Baseball, tennis, archery, golf, and swimming are scheduled for a wide variety of hours Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. Elementary, intermediate, and advanced courses are offered in swimming.

Riding classes will meet twice a week for five weeks under the supervision of Miss Ruth Atwell and the instruction of a riding master. The fee is nominal, being only 75 cents an hour.

Alpha Delta Pi Wins Panhellenic Tourney

Bridge Tournament Finished March 10; Pi Beta Phi Places Second

Alpha Delta Pi, represented by Dolly Tachiffly and Marian Boyle, won for the second consecutive year the Panhellenic bridge tournament which was completed Sunday, March 5, at the Chi Omega rooms. Betsy Garrett and Monta Ruediger, playing for Pi Beta Phi, were runners-up.

The winners will receive the silver cup which is awarded annually at the Panhellenic Bridge.

Contract bridge was played this year instead of auction, and duplicate hands were arranged so as to eliminate all elements of chance. Louise Wright was in charge of the tournament.

Caroline Shrether and Harriet Atwell of Chi Omega reached the quarter finals, but were eliminated there.

HOME ECONOMICS DEPT. ANNOUNCES

NEW CAFETERIA LUNCHEON
Every Tuesday and Thursday in March
beginning

Tuesday, March 7
11:30 a. m. to 1 p. m.
Bldg C, 2024 G St.

Dining—Dancing Entertainment

Club Michel
"Washington's Leading Night Club"

No. 1 THOMAS CIRCLE
3 COMPLETE FLOOR SHOWS EVERY NIGHT!

• Pete Macias and Orchestra
• Dinner 6 to 9:30 Special \$1
• Supper Dancing 10 to 3
(Saturdays until 4 a. m.)

You May Be An Honor Student But Can You Pass This Quiz?

Question 1—What should a cleansing cream do for my skin? (The perfect answer: It should mold the tissues; cleanse thoroughly; clear the skin... Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream is the super-cleanser to use... 1.00; 2.00)

Question 2—What shall I do for blemishes? (The perfect answer: Banish them with Acne Cream, a soothing, medicated Helena Rubinstein preparation that heals pimples, blotches and occasional skin disturbances... 1.00; 2.00)

Question 3—What cosmetics shall I use? (The perfect answer: Helena Rubinstein's flattering cosmetics are beneficial, too. The smart, collegiate Red Coral Rouge and Lipstick is especially becoming to blond and medium types; the glowing, but not theatrical Red Geranium is becoming to brunettes. Natural powder for Blondes; Rachel for Mediums; Mauresque for Brunettes. From 1.00)



Helena Rubinstein
1216-1220 F Street N. W.

"FULL-FASHION" by Maiden Form



Seamless breast sections shaped to perfection by "fashion-points" similar to those used in fine hosiery.

IT FITS LIKE A STOCKING!

Maiden Form's clever adaptation of full-fashioning to brassieres means just as great a forward step in brassiere design as it did in stocking development! It means "skin-smoothness" and perfection of natural contours by skillful seamless shaping. If your local shops cannot supply you, write Dept. C for descriptive booklet of this wonderful new "Full-Fashion" brassiere and other Maiden Form foundation garments.

LOOK FOR THE NAME **Maiden Form** REG. U. S. Pat. Off.
BRASSIERES
MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERES CO., INC. 245 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

MAIDEN FORM FOUNDATION GARMENTS SOLD AT

WHELAN'S 1105 F STREET

Dr. Ragatz's 'Guide' Merits High Praise

Author Congratulated by Dr. Bolton and Other Outstanding Historians

"A monumental work" that "will be the means of opening up to a large group of students a fresh and important field of research," is Dr. Herbert E. Bolton's opinion of "A Guide for the Study of British Caribbean History, 1763-1834," recently produced by Dr. Lowell Joseph Ragatz.

Dr. Bolton, who is professor of history at the University of California, is the foremost authority in America on Spanish colonization. His letter is among the many received by Dr. Ragatz praising his new book.

Charles M. Andrews, a leading authority on English colonies and institutions, compliments the "Guide" by saying, "I think that it is one of the best pieces of bibliographical work I have ever seen, and in my opinion is superior to any of the more general bibliographical treatises. It is not only extraordinarily complete and in its many comments and notations a most helpful work, but it is presented with a clearness and an orderly arrangement that makes it a delight to read."

Professor W. T. Root, colonial historian at the University of Iowa, considers Dr. Ragatz's book to be a "splendid piece of work. It shows not only patient labor and real thoroughness, but the finest sort of workmanship and scholarship. It is extremely well done in every way."

All of the letters highly praise the excellent index to the "Guide," compiled by Mrs. Ragatz. Robert W. G. Vall, librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, remarks that the index is a "marvel of completeness."

A review of the bibliography published in "The West Indian Circular" stresses that the book should prove to be as valuable to the casual seeker for information about the West Indies as to the student doing research in that field.

"Who's Who" Prof Worth \$15 a Week

A professor who is listed in "Who's Who" is among the 86 unemployed teachers and 1,500 unemployed students who have applied for work at \$15 a week at the temporary emergency relief administration of New York State. The administration is working in co-operation with the State Department of Education and officials of State universities of New York.

Four free college relief centers are being formed for the unemployed college men. At Buffalo, 660 have enrolled. Albany, another center, has signed 260 men so far, while White Plains has 400 to 600 to care for. Garden City, the fourth center, has between 200 and 300 prospective students.

The centers will give courses on a basis which will permit the students to have credit at State universities. In a statement issued to the press, Dr. Lewis A. Wilson, assistant commissioner for vocational and extension education, said that the quality of available teachers was remarkable.

Pharmacists Hear Lecture Series by Dr. J. A. Reiger

A series of lectures will be given to the pharmacy school in the near future by Dr. Joseph A. Reiger, who is now doing some special work on psychiatry at the St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Dr. Reiger is considered an authority on pharmacology and psychiatry. He was formerly an instructor at the University of Oklahoma in the schools of medicine and pharmacy. His first talk will be on urinalysis to the pharmacist.

Lutheran Club Will Hear Dr. Gould Wickey Tonight

Dr. N. J. Gould Wickey, executive secretary of the council of church boards of education of the United Lutheran Synod, will be the guest speaker at the Lutheran Club meeting tonight in Lambie House. He was formerly president of Carthage College in Illinois.

Believing that "the whole educational situation presents an outstanding challenge to the church," Dr. Wickey is a strong supporter of religious organizations in colleges and universities.

A special program of music will be sung by Mildred Battle, accompanied on the piano by Marian Fowler.

Golf Candidates Will Meet In Gym Tomorrow Evening

A call from candidates for the varsity golf team was issued yesterday by Bill Coleman, captain of the team. All interested in this activity should put in an appearance at the gymnasium tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock.

G. W. Executive Committee Meets to Discuss Finances

The executive committee of the Board of Trustees of The George Washington University will meet today at noon to discuss the financial situation in the University.

PRESTIGE

Jim DiMisa's Barber Shop enjoys a great deal of prestige among George Washington men—mainly because of the prestige Jim's haircuts add to one's personal appearance.

Jim DiMisa
2106 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE
OPEN 7:30 TO 1:00—SAT. TO 10
Ladies' and Men's Haircut 35c

Martinez Sierra, "The Romantic Young Lady" Author, Is Prolific Playwright

First Play Written at 17; Abandoned Dramatic Works for Ten Years; Has Written 46 Plays and Adapted 47 Others

Born an idealist and romanticist, Martinez Sierra, author of "The Romantic Young Lady," reflects in all of his writings, and even in his mode of living, these abstract characteristics.

Martinez was born in Madrid on March 6, 1881. After attending numerous public and private schools during childhood, he matriculated at the University of Madrid, where his idealistic individualism boded no good. After his second year in college a hatred arose in Sierra for battles of all kinds and because of this unfortunate fact, he failed history. Such a state of affairs soon necessitated dropping his academic career.

However, being a rather precocious young man, he wrote his first play when he was 17. The "Song of Labor" was entered in a play contest. This was an unfortunate move on his part for the judges declared it null and void, because all of the entries were so uniformly poor. This hit young Sierra rather hard, and, forthwith, he stopped writing dramatic productions for 10 years.

Soon after this happening he started his own newspaper and also secured positions with various groups of players in Madrid, thus acquiring practical dramatic experience.

Successful Writer
Eventually when he resumed his writing his success was almost monotonous. Sierra was both prolific as well as successful. He has written in all, 46 plays; translated and adapted 47 others; and in addition has translated five volumes of Maeterlinck. Moreover, he has written 32 volumes of non-dramatic works. Following up his theatrical ambitions in 1918, he assumed the management of his own theater in

Madrid. His company presented plays of the modern repertoire. This company has twice visited the western continent, travelling from Buenos Aires to New York, and achieving success throughout the trip.

His plays reflect his idealism, romance and happy marriage. His writings also show a remarkable insight into mysteries of the feminine. His women shows more noble, charming and stronger characters than do the male roles. He denies in his various opuses that there is any great purpose in life other than love, which he makes the central theme of all his writings. His works are unusual because of the lack of villains, in the conventional sense, and of supermen. In later life he showed a rather distinct flair for penning mystery tales. His plays may be characterized as being packed full of emotion with the tender portrayal of love remaining uppermost; briefly Sierra might be said to represent the so-called modern French impressionistic school.

Writes Plays and Music

Perhaps his best known play is "The Cradle Song," which has been translated into many languages. Its most famous run was when Eva LaGallienne produced it in her Civil Repertory Theater in New York; starting January, 1927, it played to appreciative audiences 120 consecutive times. Another famous opus, "The Kingdom of God," was played by Ethel Barrymore to inaugurate the opening of her theater in December, 1928. He has written two musical comedies, "Margot" and "La Tirana," and a light opera libretto, "Las Galloninas." "The Romantic Young Lady" which is being presented by our own Cue and Cur-

Hatchet Reporters Will Meet Friday

Friday afternoon, March 17, a meeting of the entire Hatchet staff will be held at 2 o'clock in Corcoran Hall 29, for the purpose of discussing the recent examination and explaining details of the crew manager system now in effect.

The editors of The Hatchet have worked out a program which is believed capable of eliminating anomalous effort and at the same time assuring a completeness of news. In order to carry out this program, they are asking the whole-hearted cooperation of the staff. Every member is urged to be present Friday afternoon.

Constitution of Club Changed at Meeting

An addition of several amendments to the constitution of the Art Appreciation Club, including the changing of elections from September to May and the creation of two additional offices, namely, assistant secretary, and treasurer, were important features of the business session of the last meeting of the club, Friday evening, March 10.

The offices of assistant secretary and treasurer will not be filled until the May election. Following the business meeting, Bertha Noble and Ashton Harlan, members of the club, presented a program of illustrated lectures.

tain Club at Wardman Park Theater, May 10, 11 and 12, was first presented in London in 1921 and later revised in the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. It was an interesting coincidence to find out that Sol Orleans, who will be remembered for his stellar playing of the quavillan in "Cock Robin," appeared in Ethel Barrymore's production of Martinez's "Kingdom of God."

FIVE VARSITY COURT STARS WILL GRADUATE

(Continued from Page 3.)
was the leading scorer for the evening. He is a fine passer, and a dead shot, sinking 50 per cent of the goals attempted.

While perhaps attracting more attention as captain of the football eleven and by his sterling work at end, Wayne Chambers' work on the court has been of the highest type. While not spectacular, Ike has been an extremely heady, reliable player of the type that is not prone to injury and can be out there in every contest.

Fred Mulvey is another all-round athlete who will be sorely missed. As with Chambers, his grid work has brought him the most attention, but he has given the basket ball squad a cool, steady workman, ready to step in to spur a lagging team to greater effort.

ELECTION DATES SET BY STUDENT COUNCIL; POINT SYSTEM KILLED

(Continued from Page 1.)
of representatives to which that department is entitled.

If this by-law is violated, the name shall be stricken from all petitions whereon it appears.

In the following table may be found the number of representatives to which each department is entitled and the number of students necessary to nominate a candidate in each department.

School	No. of Reps.	No. of Stu. to Nom.
Columbian College	2	20
Education	1	18
Engineering	1	20
Fine Arts	1	4
Government	1	5
Graduate	1	5
Junior College	3	28
Law School	2	19
Library Science	1	4
Medical School	1	15
Pharmacy	1	2

COUNCIL HALTS 1933 CARNIVAL ACTIVITIES IN SUNDAY SESSION

(Continued from Page 1.)
and in years to come, as an integral part of the University's activities and tradition."

Plans for the All-University Carnival were begun approximately a month ago with the appointment of Bourke Floyd as director of the Carnival. Floyd immediately outlined an ambitious program, appointing a board of seven directors to assist him in the preparations. Work on the carnival was to have begun next week, but the present banking difficulties caused the Council to issue the proclamation which suspended the entire affair so far as 1933 is concerned.

The carnival was run for the first time last year under the direction of Theodore Rinehart. The affair was considered a success in view of the fact that a profit of approximately \$1,500 was made. Expenses were estimated as being between \$600 and \$700. This year's council members declared that at this time the council could not afford to expend so great a sum to sponsor a carnival which primarily would depend upon student support to make expenses.

ORCHESTRA MUSIC
With 45c Dinner
6 to 8 P. M.

If you like the new idea of good music with a good 45 cent dinner, waitress service, and no tipping—may we anticipate serving you?

THE McREYNOLDS
18TH AT G STREET
SUNDAY DINNER 45c



ILLUSION.

In India, the fakirs present a spectacle to tourists. Two lovely performers break bottles and lamp chimneys before the eyes of the audience, and throw the jagged pieces into a box already filled with broken glass. They step barefooted into the box and do a Oriental dance in the glass without injury.

EXPLANATION:

The performers toughen their feet in a strong solution of alum water and thoroughly rub them with pulverized resin before they appear. They throw the freshly broken glass around the edges of the platform. The glass on which they actually do dance is very thick, heavy, and filed or ground so that the sharp edges are rounded off. The girls just pretend to dance on the sharp glass.

Source: "Magic Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions" by Albert A. Hopkins, Mann & Co., New York.

It's FUN TO BE FOOLED ... IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

One of the tricks of cigarette advertising is to pretend that "Heat Treatment" is an exclusive process, making one cigarette better than any other.

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. It is a routine process of manufacture. The first Camel cigarette ever made was manufactured under the heat-treating

process. Every one of the billions of Camels produced since has received the necessary heat treatment.

Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally mild, call for only a moderate application of heat. Heat treatment never can make cheap, inferior tobacco good.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

This is the most important statement ever made in a cigarette advertisement. Weigh its words. Consider what it means. Then try Camels. Camels are fresh... in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.

KEEP FRESH IN THE WELDED HUMIDOR PACK

CAMELS

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



NO TRICKS .. JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

George Washington Girls Enter Contest

Two University Students Are Among 40 Picked for Screen Opportunity

Two George Washington University girls, Marjorie Mitchell, and Heaton Scott, entered as Linda Carter, are among the Washington girls picked by the judges in the Hearst-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer voice and screen opportunity contest sponsored by a Washington newspaper and a local theater.

Lillian D. Hemsley, a student at the University in 1931, and a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, is also among those chosen to appear in the contest.

The girls will appear on the stage of the theater, one-half of the group selected being presented Monday evening and the other half Tuesday evening. The girls will parade before the microphone, introduce themselves and the judges will mark down their credits for the selection of six of these girls, who will take the screen and voice tests on Wednesday evening. The same procedure will be gone through Tuesday evening for the selection of those six girls who will take tests Thursday evening.

Following the completion of the screen and voice tests, the negatives will be rushed to New York, where they will be developed. During the week of March 24, these pictures will be shown on the screen of the theater. The judges will then assemble and make their choice for "Miss Inaugural," as the Washington beauty winner will be known.

Professor Advocates Courses in Marriage

Courses in marriage are a necessary part of the college curriculum, if we are to believe Ernest R. Groves, professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina. In his recent book, "Marriage," he says:

"It is apparent that a definite responsibility for the development of the preparation for marriage rests upon the colleges and that the time has come when no institution can fully meet its social obligations without education for marriage.

"From every quarter the demand is insistent that preparation be given those entering marriage, and it is generally realized among educators that the past laissez faire attitude cannot persist."

Students at North Carolina are demanding such a course and Dr. Groves says the alumni have been a great help in adding material to the course from their own experiences. A course on marriage added to the curriculum would be a factor towards bringing the university before world educators as an outstanding American college.

Memorial Services Given for Cardinal

Students of The George Washington University and members of the Newman Club in particular have been invited to attend exercises in honor of the late James Cardinal Gibbons on the twelfth anniversary of his death. The ceremonies will be held at the Cardinal Gibbons Memorial, Sixteenth and Park road northwest, on Sunday, March 19, at 3 p. m.

After the presentation of wreaths by 14 local Catholic organizations, the Honorable John W. McCormick, congressman from Massachusetts, will be the principal speaker. The Honorable Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland will send a wreath for the occasion. More than 2,000 people are expected to attend the services.

Janet Richards Will Speak Before Speakers' Congress

The Speakers' Congress will hold a reception at the Theta Delta Chi house, Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Miss Janet Richards, well-known Washington lecturer on current events, will be the guest of honor and will address the Congress on the subject, "Youth Demands Fair Play."

SPORT AXE

(Continued from Page 3)
and puts the ring game in the limelight. But he could use Harry Kleiman, undefeated featherweight, who conducts the Squared Circle here.

HERE AND THERE: Extra special bouquets to the G. W. rifle team which stopped the Middles last week after the latter had continued undefeated for years. Generally speaking the marksmen do more fine work with less credit than any University representative. Captain "Aggie" Sale, center on the champion Kentucky five of the Southeastern Conference, is voted the South's best player in many moons. And Elliott Loughlin, Navy ace, was the East's surest shot this year. North Dakota U. returns to the Colonial football list with a two-year agreement. Until last season the Nodaks had reigned over the North Central Conference four years in a row. North Dakota State beat the champs last year 7-6, and then came East to lose to G. W. 20-0, and to Army by a huge score. National poll of basketball coaches votes rules O. K. at present. Proper enforcement is all that is needed.

Digitalis, Potent Drug for Heart Disease, Taken From Flower, Purple Fox-Glove Ginseng Root Supplies Drug Used by Chinese for Prolonging Life; Superstitious Belief That Roots in Shape of Man of Most Value

Floral decorations are not always what they seem, and digitalis, or purple fox-glove, which is now being grown in the drug garden of the pharmacy school, is one of the most potent flowering plants known. Digitalis preparations are used for diseases of the heart. When the physician is called upon to use them there must be no doubt about their actions because the question of life and death may depend upon the four or ten drops administered.

The plant has been grown under carefully supervised conditions in Virginia, Washington, and South Carolina. The Virginia leaf has attained the greatest reputation owing to its superior and uniform potency, and its reliability when converted into standard medicinal tinctures. Its fame has spread all through the East and now several of the larger hospitals have specified its use for their dispensaries.

Ginseng, an ancient drug, was accorded almost superstitious reverence by the Chinese. They entertained the most extravagant notions of its virtues, considering it a remedy for all diseases and as possessing almost miraculous powers in preserving health,

invigorating the system, and prolonging life. It is said to have been worth its weight in gold at Peking in its first shipment to North America.

The shape of the root often determines its value to the Chinaman, just as an elephant with 20 toes is worth more to an Indian than one with the customary number. Those for which the highest prices are paid resemble in shape the figure of a human being—the more complete the resemblance, the greater the value.

The ginseng industry used to be associated with the fur trade because the trappers in their rounds through the lonely forest wastes of the North collected the roots and brought them into the settlements with their wares.

In the state of society that existed in the periods prior to those recognized as possessing a consecutive history, when tribal customs prevailed, the sick in a community received aid from the headmen and the representatives of the religious orders. These leaders were simply those who possessed the superior intellect and physical characteristics, and who appreciated the credulity of the rank and file of their associates.

Publicity Director Energetic Journalist

Jack Espey, Washington's Best Dressed Press Agent, Assumed Position Here in August After Ten Years' Experience on Local Journals

John Kingsbury Espey, better known to George Washington students as "Jack," diminutive, modest director of publicity of the University, and best dressed member of the "fourth estate" in the city, assumed his present duties last August 1, after having made a name for himself in newspaper circles as sports writer on the Post and News, as a court and police headquarters reporter, and as a special publicity agent.

Jack's first experience in the newspaper game came in 1919 when he began writing sports for the Bulletin of Central High School while a freshman there. He continued writing for the school paper throughout his high school career, and for the last two years worked part time and during summers on local city papers.

The day after he graduated from high school, Espey was given a full time job on the News. He then spent

3 years covering D. C. courts and Police Headquarters.

"I did not like this court work," said Espey, "and requested that I be put back on sports." This request was granted and Espey covered general college sports for the News until 1926.

After severing his connection with the News in 1926 and serving for six months on the sports staff of the Post, Espey took a fling at the publicity game. For two years he heralded the doings of the George Marshall professional basketball team.

In 1928 Espey returned to the Post where he again had charge of covering general college sports in the District. He remained with the Post until coming to George Washington.

"I am glad to be working with The George Washington University," said Espey, "where, from Dr. Marvin on down, there is a spirit of progressive-

WHO'S WHO On The Campus



Catherine Prichard

Catherine Prichard, more familiarly known on the campus as "Kitty," is a Washington girl, who entered the University in September, 1929, as a part-time student, majoring in English. After two years she transferred to the day school. She graduates next year.

Last May she was elected to the Student Council from Columbian College, and was made treasurer the following month. She also holds the position of treasurer in her social sorority, Pi Beta Phi.

This year, also, Kitty was inducted into Gamma Eta Zeta, honorary journalistic sorority, and Hour Glass, honorary scholarship and general activities group. She is publicity director of the Troubadours, the University's musical comedy organization.

More than two years ago she joined the staff of The Hatchet, rising successively to the rank of senior reporter and that of associate editor which position she now holds.

She also serves as student assistant at the School of Government.

ness which speaks well for the future of the institution. Here I find exemplified in Mr. Pixlee and his assistants in the athletic department that spirit of cooperation which augurs well for any enterprise the University attempts."

"My job," continued Espey, "is to keep the public informed as to what the University is doing, and Mr. Pixlee, with whom I am associated most of the time, furnishes good copy—the things he does make interesting reading for the people."

"Penniteria" 10-Cent Meals Please Students and Faculty Depressionists

Washington's First Penny Restaurant Opened Under Auspices of Macfadden Foundation; Will Be Operated for People of Limited Means

A number of students and members of the faculty have visited the new "penniteria" on Pennsylvania avenue and report that an adequate meal can be purchased for 10 or 12 cents. This is the first store of its kind opened in Washington by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation of New York, sponsors of a series of "penniterias" for the aid of the unemployed.

Paul Winkler, general manager of the Washington store, stated that at present the expenses were paid solely by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation though there is a possibility that local charity organizations may assist later on with the opening of other branches in the District. Guy Glassford, son of General Pelham D. Glassford, is the supervisor of the Macfadden interests here in the District.

A circular, titled "The True Story of the 1c Restaurant," tells of Macfadden's first efforts to open a similar penny store for the "down-and-outers" about 25 years ago in New York's Bowery. The venture failed, as there "was but little demand for cheap food." However, in these times of stress, pennies are scarce and "the necessity for unemployment relief makes penny meals attractive."

Penny stores are proud of the fact that all their foods are of a superior quality and are "vital foods." The Macfadden employees never question a man's right to eat at their restaurant. One need not go through any embarrassing process to procure a penny meal, nor need one admit that he depends upon charity for sustenance. Mr. Winkler merely demands that his patrons give one penny for each item on the menu selected for consumption.

The Penny Restaurant will in no way disturb the business of the nearby lunchrooms, said Mr. Winkler, since an entirely different group will patronize it. The restaurant is operated at a loss unless working at capacity business throughout the day.

Included in the penny restaurant's menu are such choicy items as:

Split pea soup, lentil soup, creamed codfish on toast, vegetable stew, cabbage and carrot salad, whole wheat bread, apple pie, sweet milk or buttermilk, and coffee. In all there are 25 items listed.

Bernarr Macfadden has established similar stores for the unemployed in the various eastern centers. At present there are four in New York City, and one in Boston, and plans are being made for the establishment of penny restaurants in Chicago, Philadelphia and Detroit.

"Home of the Mirror Screen"

TUES. & WED. — "THE SON-DAUGHTER." Helen Hays, Lewis Stone, Ramon Novarro.
THURS. & FRI. — "KATE SMITH IN FANNIE HURST'S 'HELLO EVERYBODY.'" Radio's first lady in a thrilling event of romance and great songs.
SATURDAY — "THE PHANTOM EXPRESS." Wm. Collier, Jr., Sally Plane, Hobart Bosworth, in a hair-raiser.
SUN. & MON. — "TONIGHT IS OURS." Fredric March, Claudette Colbert. Filmdom's king of 1932 gives his fiery glamor to a love story of grand passion—you will share every emotion!
MATINEES: TUES., THURS., SAT., SUN.

CHANGE

YOUR DIET FOR A NIGHT

A new kind of food with a new kind of service . . . the Nicholas 35- and 45-cent dinners. They're different! And remember, no tipping, please.

NICHOLAS
FOOD SHOPPE
Opposite Y. M. C. A.

Cigarettes, like Foods — need Seasoning

That's the part Turkish Tobaccos play in making Chesterfields Taste Better

SMOKERS notice a certain "touch" in Chesterfields that comes from having just enough Turkish tobacco in them . . . a spicy, aromatic flavor that's much the same to a cigarette as seasoning is to food.

For only by blending and cross-blending the right amounts of mild Domestic tobaccos with the right amount of Turkish can we get the flavor and aroma that Chesterfield smokers enjoy.

Next time, ask for "The Cigarette that Satisfies" . . . you'll get Chesterfields, with Milder, Better Taste.



Chesterfield

THEY'RE Milder —
THEY TASTE BETTER

© 1933, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The University Hatchet

Monthly Literary Review

Vol. 29, No. 23

MARCH 14, 1933

Section 2

The Tennis Court

By RHODA BLOSE

THE tennis court stretched comfortably between the trees, its perspiring face beaming up at the sun, its surface, though worn and wrinkled by the rain, still wearing an expectant expression. It was Saturday, and all morning the air about the rambling old house which owned the tennis court had been stirred by shaking dust-mops and rugs. The sound of a vacuum cleaner hummed unceasingly through the drowsy air, and an occasional clanking sound came from the cellar where a small boy was wielding a whitewashing brush.

A faint prolonged shriek of a siren from a distant firehouse announced the arrival of noon, and the hurrying sounds in the house moved to the kitchen, where they gradually died out and all was quiet.

This peaceful scene lasted only a few minutes before it was aroused by disturbing noises proceeding from the cellar. This, being suddenly unable to hold all the commotion, began to pour forth through the door facing the tennis court in the form of three short-skirted, short-socked creatures loaded down with a miscellaneous assortment of implements,—brooms, rakes, shovels, a pail of lime, some tangled cord, and a much-worn tennis net. This brigade bore down upon the waiting tennis court, shouting and waving instruments, leaving a trail of lime in its wake.

"Here, Ray," said the tallest of the three, "take this rake and start raking at this end. I'll follow you with the broom, and Lou can start sweeping the other end. It doesn't need raking."

"O. K. I wonder what time it is. The kids ought to start coming soon."

"Oh, they're probably watching now, just waiting for us to get the place fixed up before they come."

"Who're you talking about like that?" growled a rough bass voice, and a curly-headed boy stepped from behind a tree. "It sounds like slander to me." He grabbed the broom from the tall blonde girl's hands and started to push it right and left. "You girls sure are slow. It takes a man to pep things up a little."

"That's what I say, Steve. Get a move on, girls, I want to play a little tennis this afternoon," a masculine voice drawled.

Everybody turned to look. Sprawled comfortably on the bench beside the court, the owner of the voice regarded the workers with his mocking blue eyes.

"Hello, Bob," Ray said.

"Why, you lazy Irishman," stormed Lou.

"Just look at the reception I get, Helen," Bob addressed the blonde girl plaintively. "It just shows, as I always said,—"

"Oh, shut up," interrupted Helen. "You're an old pill, and you know what I mean by that, don't you?"

"Yes, I call people pills when I don't like them," mimicked another voice from behind.

Helen turned again. "Oh, hello, Frank," she said. "You're just in time. Take this broom and help Steve. I'm going to put the string around so we can line the court."

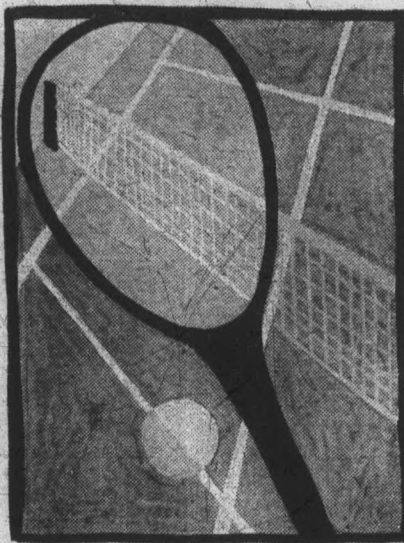
"You can't do that yet."

"Why?"

"We've got to fill the holes the rain made before we line the court."

"Oh, let's let them go today, We'll never get to play if we don't."

"Now, listen here," Frank said with mock



David M. Flax

severity, "you don't mean to tell me you intend to leave a job half done?"

"All right, Frank darling, you appoint yourself a committee of one to fill the hollows."

"Well, now that you mention it, I don't think the old court looks so bad. Where's the lime?"

Lou snickered. Bob got up and gently patted Frank on the shoulder. "Sonny," he said with an oratorical flourish, "some day your old dad is going to be proud of you."

"All right, dad," Lou said slyly, "suppose you do something to make sonny proud of you. There's the lime."

"Oh, all right, all right," Bob picked up the lime.

Everything was silent for a few minutes. Bob had disappeared into the cellar, but when he reappeared he strutted up to Lou. "There," he said, holding out a tin can with some holes punched in it and pieces of wire protruding here and there, "don't you think sonny ought to be proud of me now?"

"My gosh, what is it?"

"Humph, I might have known you wouldn't know," Bob looked grievously superior. "It's to use to line the court."

"Let's see it," Ray came up. "Can I help you?"

"Sure. See, this is how you do it. Fill it here and then hold it this way. Now you take it." Bob slipped cautiously over to the bench and was about to sit down when Helen looked toward him.

"Well, of all the nerve," she said, "you sure know how to get your work done easy, don't you?"

"Now, Helen," Bob said defensively, "I'm still doing most of the work. I'm supervising the job to see that it's done right."

An ice truck stopped out in the street and a voice hallooed. "How's tennis?" it said.

"O. K. How's the ice business today?"

"Not so hot." The youthful ice man laughed uproariously, and then added, "Hurry up with that court. I'll be through in half an hour. And don't forget, Lou is my partner." The ice truck rumbled off.

"Say, who does Jimmie think he is, anyway," growled Steve. "Lou's my partner."

More players drifted in from other directions. As the court was finished, there was a scramble for rackets, and those four who got the best rackets started to play. The others paired off in the order in which they were to follow.

Each time a ball was missed there was a shriek, and a louder one when a particularly good shot was made. Helen tried to hit a high ball and slipped, landing with a thud. Steve laughed.

"All right," Helen said menacingly, "just wait until I serve again. I'll get even with you."

"Aw, listen," Steven objected, "you just pick on your own partner. Lou hits me often enough."

"Oh, say," Bob stopped in the middle of the court, "nobody asked me how my work was this morning or anything. I don't think anybody loves me any more."

"Sure—your mother does. She told me so one time," Lou said.

"What are you so anxious to tell us?" Helen asked.

"Yes, what happened?" Ray echoed.

"Well, that's more like it. I knew I ought to get more attention." Bob puffed out his chest. "I got a raise this morning."

"And now we can get married," sighed Lou in mock rapture. "Oh, Bob, this is just too wonderful." She tossed her racket in the air and danced across the court, her skirt flying.

"You and who else?" asked Bob. "Now I can get that new radio I've been wanting."

"Oh, dear," Lou moaned, "he turned me down."

"That's all right," comforted Steve, "if you can't get anybody else I'll marry you. I always did like to take chances."

Lou walked off in a huff, but returned in a few minutes with a pitcher full of pinkish-looking lemonade and a plate of cookies. "Now we can celebrate," she announced.

"Gee," said Bob, "if I'd known it would have this effect I'd have gotten raises before. 'Here's to the good old tennis court,' and he raised his glass, but lowered it again quickly as a big police dog ran in among the group. A tall, slim, dark-haired boy followed close behind.

"Am I too late?" he panted, looking around. "I do have the worst luck. Why didn't you all save me something? I'm ashamed of you."

"Hh," a voice behind him said innocently, "we thought if we saved you a pitcherful it would be enough."

He looked around. "Hi, Lou," he said, "you sure are a pal of mine," and he patted her on the shoulder as he took the glass she gave him.

The players took up the rackets and started playing again. Set followed set, the losers always dropping out, and the champions finally being chosen. From the house a woman's voice had called rather hopelessly several times during the last hour, but had finally given up. Someone called from the top of the hill and another voice sounded from the green house down the street.

"I guess we'd better go, Frank," Bob said.

"Me too," Steve said. He stopped playing and came up to the net. It's too dark to play any more, anyway. We'll play tomorrow."

The crowd drifted toward the porch of the big house, where it paused a while before separating,

(Continued on Page Two)

The Tennis Court

(Continued from Page One)

draped in grotesque shadows over the ceiling and steps. Voices drifted out over the tennis court.

"Oh, we'll beat you tomorrow easy."

"Well, maybe so, but we're champions so far, aren't we, Bob?"

"Sure."

There was a pause. Then, "Well, let's go."

"O. K." Another pause followed.

Finally one shape disentangled itself from the steps, stretched, and, pausing a minute to look back at the court, started toward the street. Others followed, one by one.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye." The cries faded into the evening quiet. "See you tomorrow." The last of the stragglers started to run and in a few minutes everyone had disappeared.

The tennis court lay looking up at the moon brightening in the pale sky. In its light the court seemed to glow with satisfaction. They would be back tomorrow.

But morning found the sun hidden behind dripping clouds, the court washed by rivulets which wore its furrows deeper and deeper. The old house seemed almost to be in mourning. No sound came through its closed windows and doors, and only occasionally a gloomy face appeared for a moment in one of the windows, but drew quickly away as though the sight of the dripping court were sickening. The court itself looked gloomy before the end of the long day, and a little apprehensive.

Toward fall, as the days grew shorter, evenings spent on the tennis court became briefer and briefer. Sometimes whole weeks passed in which the court was entirely neglected. A haggard look overspread its features, a look which was only partially repaired during the exciting evenings when the crowd collected there, but the snow hid this one day by covering the court entirely.

The tennis court had begun its winter hibernation. Sometimes, though, it still peered enviously from beneath its heavy blanket as sleds flew past on the street and shrieks of laughter rang out in the clear winter air.

When the snow began to melt and was no longer deep enough to carry the sleds, the court looked more hopefully from the edges of its thin covering. Days began to grow longer, and spring rains poured down in torrents.

The sun came out making everything beautiful, and even the ragged court seemed to take new life. Once again on a Saturday morning, after the familiar cleaning sounds had ceased, Lou and Helen appeared with rakes and brooms.

"Gee, the court's in awful condition," Helen said.

"I'll say it is," Lou said. "We'll never get it cleaned up. These leaves sure are thick."

"I wish Bob were here," Ray said with a sigh as she sauntered up. "It won't be any fun playing without him and Steve."

"And Frank," added Helen.

"Yes, and Jimmie went and got married," Lou said with a shrug.

"Oh, well, it will be fun playing, anyway," Helen said. "I think tennis is more fun than anything. Say, Ray, get some matches, will you?"

"Sure."

The dry leaves were raked into piles and lighted. Then two of the girls took brooms and started to sweep up the acorns which had been hidden underneath.

Suddenly Ray shrieked, "Look, the hedge has caught fire!"

"Get the hose," Helen called. "Don't run around like that. I'll turn it on."

Lou started to rake the pile away from the hedge while Ray turned the hose on the burning leaves.

"Be careful," Helen yelled, "you're getting the court all wet."

"I can't help it," Ray answered. "I've got to put the fire out, haven't I?"

"Not that part. Just the hedge."

"Well, it's too late now. The court's already wet. And besides, it might spread again if I don't put it all out."

By the time the burning leaves were in order, the end of the court was too wet to be played on. Dispiritedly the girls finished sweeping, but wandered off without lining the court.

During the days which followed, the court in its outer appearance returned to a semblance of its former self. Crowds drifted in every few days. Bill Nunan from around the corner came once, and then came again. Bill liked blondes, but didn't think they were meant to be tennis players. His friend Kenny Price, drove out more and more

often to join the crowd. Kenny liked brunettes.

Kenny and Bill both wore striped, cream-colored flannel trousers when they played tennis, and it wasn't long before Helen and Lou began to look at fashion magazines and short, flared skirts gave place to longer ones with more severe lines. Freckles now often miraculously disappeared under several coats of sun-tan powder and the newest shade of rouge.

Frequently Kenny drove up in his smart blue roadster. "Hi," he would call, "any chance of playing a few games of tennis?"

"Sure, if we can get someone else for doubles."

"Here comes Bill now. Got your racket, Bill? We want to play."

"Uh-huh. Hello, Blondie." Bill would give Helen's hand an affectionate pat. "How are you, Honey?"

"I'm all right. How're you?"

"How could I be but O. K. when I'm with you, Sweetheart?"

Helen would laugh. "Come on out, Lou," she would call. "We want to play some tennis."

Lou would come down the steps slowly, gazing thoughtfully up the street. She had been told by an artist that she had a beautiful profile. Then suddenly she would turn around. "Hello, everybody," she would say gayly.

"Hi, baby," Kenny would say. "What do you say we beat these two people here a couple of games?"

"Oh, I guess I could stand it."

The scores were always close and hotly contested, both Bill and Kenny being finished players. In a remarkably short time the match would end.

"Well, shall we play another set?"

"I don't know. I'm awfully hot."

"I know what we can do," Kenny would say. "A little ride in my car would cool us off, and we can stop at a drug store to get something to drink."

As they were climbing into the car, another more youthful figure would sometimes saunter up.

"Hi, am I too late to play?"

"Well, Ray might play with you."

"Who do you think I want to play with, anyway?"

As the others drove away, Ray and Johnnie would take possession of the court, bating the balls carelessly around. After a while, "Let's go over to the playground," Ray would say. "Maybe someone will play doubles with us there." And they would wander off.

Toward Fall Helen and Lou spent more and more time in the blue roadster and less and less on the court. Finally the blue roadster came only at night, as other cars began to do, and the court was left to itself.

Another Spring brought no changes. Not even the sunshine could wipe out the ravaging marks left on the court by the winter snows and the April rains. The court was left unnoticed while the old house basked in new secrets, secrets which it did not disclose until late in June. Then everything happened at once.

One day a large number of people came to the house, everybody laughing and singing. In the midst of the merrymaking, Helen and Lou came outdoors in long white dresses with trailing veils, ready to have their pictures taken. With each of them was a familiar figure very nervous in a new black suit. They all turned their backs on the court as the pictures were snapped. "Just to remind us of the old court once in a while," Helen said, and she smiled reminiscently at Lou.

Before they went inside, an older man came back into the yard. He, too, had on a black suit, but he was carrying a large black book under his arm.

"Here comes the preacher," someone called. "Come on in the house."

The crowd went inside, laughing and joking. Several hours later it emerged again, Helen and Lou running ahead with the two young men in black, the others throwing rice after their fleeing backs. The four climbed into a car at the curb. The motor started, and, laughing and waving, they drove away.

As they turned the corner, a silence fell over the crowd. Each person looked at the others and smiled weakly. Somebody was crying.

"Gee, I sure will miss Helen and Lou," Ray said. "Now I won't have anyone to play tennis with."

Slowly the people turned and drifted into the house. Night was falling, and a bright moon was appearing in the sky.

But the tennis court was hidden under the shadow of tall oak trees.

On Being a Communist

By ROBERT SHOSTECK



HAVE the good fortune to number among my acquaintances several Communists. For geographical and temporal reasons, I have occasion to see them several times a week. Since I frequently enjoy debating the question of whether socialism is to be attained through revolution rather than through evolution, and kindred debatable topics, I often suggest an economic powwow on some evening.

But I forget that to be a Communist involves intricate obligations of discipline, activity, and belief. Much as I may try, I can rarely make an appointment with one of them. Just take the following as a sample decline of an invitation. Says Lenin's cohort: "I'm sorry, Bob, but I have a meeting of the YCL tonight." The YCL, I am told upon inquiry, is the Young Communist League, and all youthful Comies under 24 must belong to it.

The next day I ask another potential revolutionist if he'd like to meet some friends of mine and hold a little palaver. "Not tonight," says he. "I've a meeting of the FSU which I must attend." And the FSU, I am told, is the Friends of the Soviet Union, an organization to which all class-conscious workers must belong. A few moments later I meet a girl Red. She invites me to a USL meeting. On inquiry I am enlightened that the USL is the National Student's League, to which must belong all Communist students in order "to fight in the class struggle on the intellectual front."

I again meet the first-mentioned Leninist and in the course of our conversation on current movies I suggest a good picture playing in the next two days. "I surely should like to see it," says he, "but I must attend a meeting of the ILD tonight and an executive committee meeting of the LSNR tomorrow." My blank stare elicits the information that the first-mentioned is the International Labor Defense which "defends 'class-war prisoners,'" while the second set of initials refers to the League for the Struggle for Negro Rights. Interested, I inquire as to the reason for his affiliation with a negro organization, when he is of the white race. "Well," he explains, "the black and white workers must fight together in order to gain elemental rights for an oppressed people."

My impressions are that Communists never suffer from boredom, ennui, laziness, tedium, monotony or weariness. As may be noted, nearly every human interest is catered to by the Communists. As yet, bridge fiends among the Reds will find little solace, since bridge is under the ban as "bourgeois." Likewise, golfers, ping-pong players, dog and cat fanciers, race track fans, brokers, churchgoers, yacht racers and rotarians are woefully neglected by the Red program.

However, most Communists, I mean dyed-in-the-wool revolutionists ready to die in the course of Lenin and the workers—belong to the following organizations as a matter of stern duty, and secondarily, of interest:

- LSU (Labor Sports Union)
- FSU (Freiheit Singing Society)
- DWC (Daily Worker Club)
- WCC (Workers' Correspondence Club)
- UC (Unemployed Council)
- WFFL (Workers' Film and Foto League)
- JRC (John Reed Club)
- YP (Young Pioneers)
- WESL (Workers' Ex-Service Men's League)
- LC (Liberator's Club)
- WCF (Workers' Cultured Federation)
- PWL (Proletarian Writers' League)
- RILU (Red International Labor Union)
- LP (League of Professionals)
- WIR (Workers' International Relief)
- IWO (International Workers' Order)
- CPUSA (Communist Party USA)
- TUUL (Trade Union Unity League)

Assuming that each organization mentioned above (and this list is far from complete) meets but twice a month, every evening of a Commie's life is well cared for. In fact, he probably has to double up on meetings a few nights if he is faithful and steady. In consideration of the multiplicity of activities, dues in the above societies are very reasonable, from 2 cents a week up to two dollars a month in the fraternal insurance group. And it takes but a few hours to memorize the initials. So we see that, while awaiting the Revolution, the red, red bolshevik has lots to interest him and occupy his time.

Knight Erring

By THOMAS CUMMINGS

TWO shop girls bent admiring eyes on the tallest, most beautiful of the soda jerkers, and when he casually inquired "Didda make 'at lemonade sweet enough for you?" they bobbed their heads before they had so much as put a straw in the concoction.

"He's cute!" they said as he joined his partner in quiet, mysterious conversation during a temporary lull.

"Howya like those two babes, Ray?" his partner asked.

They directed the caustic, appraising gaze of connoisseurs at the girls, who gulped madly at drinks that were too sour.

"Not so bad, pal; not so bad. Hardly worth a man's time, though, I'd say . . . Yes, sir, what's yours?"

Two o'clock and the rush markedly died. They went through perfunctory motions of swabbing the counter with damp, perspiring rags, and conversed in undertones.

"My golly, Ray, look who's comin' in—that old flame of yours, that Margaret Dunn! Thought you'd ditched that babe."

"So'd I. Doggone some of these women! Never leave a man alone."

He affected great concentration on the stupendous task of filling a straw container, and evinced great surprise at discovering the presence of the girl at the end of the counter.

"Howda, babe?"

"I'm fairly good, Ray, but I hadda come see you."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. I figured that this was the best time. The rush has died down now and—"

"Maybe so, but that ain't the time to come, see? Matter of fact, it ain't good to come see me at work anyhow, see? Gotta new manager now—tough as a nut about that, and you don't want to get me in bad, do you?"

"No, Ray, but you know how I usta come in all the time. You even told me to."

"Swat I say, but we gotta new manager now. Honest. That's straight stuff."

"All right, Ray, but I gotta see you just a minute. I won't be here long."

"O. k. Make it snappy, though."

"Well, I don't know just what to say, but what I mean is, you know we ain't been seein' much of each other lately, and I want to see you again, just like we usta."

"Sure, sure. Been meaning' to get around to your dump for several nights. Been so busy here, though, with that new manager—daggone him, never looks away, keeps a guy slavin' all atime—that I been right tired at night, been stayin' home a lot—"

"I heard you been steppin' out with other girls, though."

"Well, what if I have? Only 'casionally, though. Anyhow, we ain't married or nothing. What of it?"

"Well, nothing; only I thought—"

"Well, what . . . Say, Margaret, no kiddin', you better leave now. You can see that guy yourself in the back of the store. Gettin' riled. You don't want me to get canned, do you?"

"No, but Ray I gotta see you, and I gotta see you tonight; that's all there is to it. I mean it! Now you promise you'll see me tonight, and I'm leavin', see? Now, you promise me—"

"Sure—thought at first that I might have a date tonight, but I ain't—sure, I'll be around."

"Same time as you used—I mean same time's usual?"

"O. k."

His companion had not missed a word.

"Say, Ray, how do you do it? Man, that babe's got it bad! Wouldn't take no for an answer. Boy, what a shiek you are!"

"Ha, ha! It's a gift, I reckon."

"Whaddit you tell her that you'd see her for? I thought you give her the air long ago."

"Only 'bout a month ago."

"You really goin' around there tonight?"

"Yeah, I guess maybe I will. I haven't necked that babe for some time. Might not be so bad."

"I'll say it wouldn't! If you ask me, that wench is built like nobody's business."

"Maybe so. It got kinda stale after while, though."

II

When Margaret Dunn left the office where she had worked all that afternoon cutting nerve-wracking stencils under broiling lights, there was a pain between her shoulder blades, and her eyes hurt; but she was too preoccupied to notice her physical discomfort. She boarded the street car for home.

The street on which she and her aunt lived was no beauty spot. The market across the way saw to that. And farther on down the street from the market were the tire repair shops and service stations where greasy-fingered, handsome young mechanics exchanged fulsome pleasantries with shapely young Jewish girls.

Fat women made the air raucous with their cries to one another from second and third story windows, and scantily clad brats swarmed the streets and screamed to make themselves heard over the din of light delivery trucks and chattering Fords and the clanging street car that clattered by occasionally.

It was at the street car stop, however, that she had met Ray. She had seen him go thundering by in his battered Ford frequently, the miserable car lurching and vibrating over the cobblestones, and admired the careless skill with which he operated his groaning car. How handsome he was—hatless, his wavy hair dissheveled, his cigarette expertly dangling from the corner of his mouth! Sometimes the street car would stop, and he would draw up behind as she boarded the car, but his glance was always indifferent.

The rainy morning, however, it was different. With gusty sheets of rain sweeping up and down the street, she found her flimsy parasol of scant protection. She was getting soaked, no car was in sight, and she was going to be late. Suddenly, as though springing desperately from nowhere, the battered car lurched to the curb.

"Goin' in town?"

"Why, yes, thank you."

"Reckon you think I gotta nerve pickin' you up this way. Course I've seen you here lots of times, but I could tell you was a nice girl, and I don't generally make a practice of insultin' nice girls. But I figured with all this rain, and the fact that we live in the same neighborhood and all, it wouldn't do no harm if we got acquainted."

"No, can't see as it would. But, really, I don't ever let anybody pick me up; not before, anyhow."

"Now, course you don't. I can tell that easy."

He was even more handsome than she had thought, and his long, nervous hands barely touched the rim of the steering wheel as he seemed to almost let the car drive itself. Her dress was soaked and a trickle of water from the hem of her skirt formed a muddy puddle on the floor of his car. He undressed her with the corner of his eye, and noticed, with approbation, the shapely contours of her body, so prettily accented by the wet, skin-tight garment.

He drove through the clouded traffic in a series of sudden stops and starts and abrupt turns that fascinated her. He passed everything on the street.

"Where do you work?"

"I run a typewriter in the Hubbard Building."

"Zat so? I work in the drugstore at the corner there—you know the Acme Drug Company, there on the corner."

"Oh, yeah, sure."

When he asked her for a date, she pretended to stop and consider, but she was wildly excited and rapidly agreed. That was late in Spring and through Spring and Summer they were together two or three times a week. They would start the evening at the neighborhood cinema. Seated in a dark, secluded section of the theater, they would crunch popcorn, indifferent to the indignant glances of their neighbors, and, holding hands, would watch with solemn interest the gaudy adventures of a melodramatic moving picture hero. After the show, they often dropped in at the Coffee Pot, where there was dining and dancing and no cover charge. They liked the wild, barbaric style of African jazz rendered by the five-piece band. Even better they liked to relax in each other's arms when a warm, liquid waltz number was played.

He soon introduced her to his gang, and sometimes a half dozen of them attended a drunken dance together, or, on other occasions, went for wild rides through the city on staid Sunday afternoons, the girls embracing the fellows madly with one arm, and waving the other at the world at large. One of the fellows generally had a flask and they took turns pouring the seething liquid down their eager throats. But, best of all, Ray and Margaret liked to be alone in the battered Ford on hot summer nights.

III

Lying drowsily relaxed in a hot tub that night, Margaret felt more content. As the warm, soothing water eased the aches in nerve and muscle, so it seemed to comfort her worried brain. She rose, flushed, from the bath and an anticipation of seeing him again, and dressed her best. She heard his raucous horn outside, and hurried to meet him.

He opened the door for her with an heroic effort and she sat beside him. Although he was smiling pleasantly, she did not sit close to him.

"How are ya, babe?"

He was so handsome. Why couldn't he still like her?

"Well, babe, what's on your mind?"

How could he be so friendly and pleasant, and yet so far away and distant? There was a wall around him.

"Got any place special you want to go?"

"Well, I thought we might go some place where we could be alone and talk, maybe."

"Yeah, I thought so. Daggone, all you babes nowadays ever think about is goin' some place where you can smooch. Don't you women ever get tired of this love stuff? Good night, a man's got other interests than neckin' allatime."

"No, I didn't mean that, Ray. Honest I didn't. Honest. I only thought we might go somewheres and talk. I got somethin' I want to tell you."

"Well, good night, tell me! Do I have to drive out in the country or some place? Can't you talk now? What's the matter, anyhow?"

"I don't know. I just thought—"

"Oh, I see. Oh, yes, I gotcha now. You want to lecture me like you was doin' before allatime. Tellin' me I ought to go to night school or somethin'."

"I didn't mean anything by that, Ray, except to try and help you."

"Help me?"

"Yeah. I just thought I could encourage you and maybe you'd get a better job or something. I wouldn't a-done it if I'd a-thought you would get sore about it. Tell me, is that why you ain't been—"

"Well, if you must know, yes. That and the fact that you was always tryin' to get me to smooch and tell you I loved you all the time—"

"But you said—"

"Sure, sure, I did. But a man gets tired of doin' only that all the time. And, besides, a man don't like his girl to throw it in his mug what a failure he is all the time."

"But I never thought you was a failure, Ray. I only thought that you might not always want to be a soda jerker."

"What's the matter within jerkin' sodas?"

"Nothin', only—"

"I get a livin' out of it, don't I? I make enough to run this car on, don't I? I made enough to drag you around to the Coffee Pot every night, didn't I? Way I look at it—what if I am jerkin' sodas now, and maybe for a couple years, even—I'm gettin' a contact with the public allatime, ain't I? That's what a man needs—meet the public all the time. Then, after while, when things pick up, I can get a good job selling cars or insurance or something. That's a real an's job, bein' a salesman! Be your own boss. Nobody tell you what to do, or nothin'. But nowadays, way I look at it, a man's lucky to have any kind of job. Lucky he ain't walkin' the streets, by golly!"

She was weary of arguments. She sat silent. "What say we hop over to the Coffee Pot for a coupla dances and somethin' to eat?" he said. "Might pick up some of the gang over there."

"Well, all right, only I hoped we might talk—"

"Aw, good night, we can do that later. Got plenty time for that later. Good night, I want to hear some good music. Come on!"

"All right."

They entered the Coffee Pot—a haven of blaring music, a stifling atmosphere of tobacco smoke and cheap perfume—a hum of voices making noisy and trivial conversation.

They took a seat near the dance floor and looked about them. They saw several people they knew. Ray nodded carelessly and Margaret waved.

"Joe Farrar's here. Got Elsie with him. I see George Hector over there. I heard he got pinched for hookin' some clothes, but I guess he got off."

They ordered sandwiches and the jazz band struck up a tune.

"Dance?" he said.

"Sure."

They jostled around the crowded dance floor. Most of the men were perspiring young bricklayers or plumbers' helpers, and, as always, Margaret felt a pride in Ray's fair complexion and clean hands, his pressed trousers and shiny shoes.

"They're playin' Stardust—you know how we used to like it last summer?" She put her head on his shoulder.

"Yeah. Personally, I don't like these old numbers. Wish they'd play somethin' new. I heard enough of that piece all summer long."

How smoothly he danced, how easy it was to follow him. No one else could dance as well.

They ate their sandwiches between dances. She could not take her eyes off him. The wave in his hair, the snowy, crisp whiteness of his immaculate shirt, his tailored, pressed clothes. She contrasted him with the rednecks seated at other tables; contrasted their blatant voices with his soft accents, their coarse hands with traces of grease that the strongest soaps could not remove. His table manners. How deft his hands were, like when he was driving a car or working behind the soda counter.

"I ain't been here in some time," he said. He

(Continued on Page Four)

Knight Erring

(Continued from Page Three)

had been continually looking around the room and nodding casually at acquaintances.

"Neither have I."

"Seems good to see some of the gang again."

"Yeah." As though he hadn't been seeing them regularly all along for the last month.

The band blared forth again, the sax shrieking, the foot-sack cymbal beating a violent after-beat. Joe Farrar came over to their table.

"What say," he said.

"Howya Joe?" Ray said.

"How about a dance with Margaret?" He addressed himself to Ray.

"O. K. with me."

They got up to dance.

"Why don't you strut Elsie around this time?" Joe said.

"I might do that," Ray said. He did.

On the dance floor Joe held Margaret too tight. It was hard to move in his embrace, and her shoulder was cramped. His face was flushed. He had evidently had a couple of drinks.

"How've you been, babe?" he asked.

"Pretty good. 'Can't complain any, I guess."

"I ain't seen you around much lately. Where you been keepin' y'self?"

"Oh, I been around. I ain't been feelin' so well lately."

"Oh, yeah! Well, your boy friend's been feelin' all right, I guess. Anyhow, I've seen him struttin' some classy jane around here plenty the last few weeks. Ha, ha, maybe that's why you ain't been feelin' so good."

"She said nothing. He was maddening. He held her so uncomfortably as they danced. More than once he stepped on her feet, and his breath was unpleasant."

"I've always said you was a sharp babe, Margaret, and if you and Ray is washed up, I wouldn't mind steppin' with you myself."

"I don't go out much any more, Joe. My aunt hasn't been feeling well lately."

The dance mercifully ended. Joe and Elsie sat at the table with Ray and Margaret for a few minutes.

"Here it is Thursday night, and I ain't been in a night this week," Elsie said. "My old lady says I been carryin' on scandalous. Says 'My lands, child, when you gonna get some sleep? How can you stand it?' And the funny part of it is I've had a different fellow each night—since Monday, anyways. Boy, but do I hate to get up in the mornin'! And am I gonna sleep this Sunday!"

When they had gone, Margaret said:

"Let's go, Ray. It's gettin' kinda late, and I haven't been out much lately. I ain't so used to staying out late."

"What's the hurry?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't feel so good for one thing."

"O. K., then."

Outside, he started the car up with a roar of the exhaust and skillfully brought it out of a tight parking space.

"That's what I call drivin'," he said. "Where to now? Home?"

"Why, you know we were gonna drive to some quiet place where we could talk."

"I thought you hada get home early?"

"I allowed time for that. I declare, Ray, I don't know what's the matter. You usta always want to be getting me off to yourself." She was near tears.

"Well, that was back last summer when it was hot at night. It gets cold out in the country this time of year at night. I ain't got no limousine, you know."

He drove furiously, a martyr. He concentrated on his driving and his cigarette. When he missed a couple of green lights, he cursed under his breath. He drove through the suburbs and outlying districts until they finally were on The Pike, a gleaming concrete road that shone full in the night under the glare of the headlights. The air that rushed in and roared about their ears was cool and pleasant.

She sat in the corner of the seat, so overwhelmed with her own thoughts that she was barely aware of the fact that he did not put his arm around her.

He drew up at the roadside. This section of the highway was unlighted, and few cars passed.

"Well?" he asked.

"Oh, Ray, I hardly know how to begin. If only you cared. But you don't love me any more. I can tell it."

"How do you know I don't? Just 'cause I don't gab about it every second? I told you a man gets tired of that stuff. Listen, if that's all you gotta tell me, I'm shovin' away from here."

"No, Ray, please. Ray, you haven't even put

your arm around me, yet. You usta always—"

"Oh, good night!" He put his arm around her and looked away disdainfully.

"You never come to see me, or call me or anything."

"I told you I been workin' so hard lately that I get tired and don't go around much at nights, didn't I?"

She felt a sudden rage. "From what I hear you been steppin' around with other girls plenty, tired or not!"

"That happens to be my business." He pushed her roughly away. "I'm leavin'," he said, and stepped on the starter.

A sudden commotion at the side of the car, and then the blinding rays of a flashlight that made them gasp.

"No you don't! Not yet, anyways!" said a voice.

When their eyes became accustomed to the blinding glare they made out the olive green uniform of a State motorcycle cop.

"Whaddaya want?" Ray asked, and she noted that his voice was a trembling quaver. Revealed as he was in the rays of the cop's light, he seemed stripped of everything. The light burned away the nonchalant, careless demeanor that characterized him. What she saw revealed in the rays of the light was a panic-stricken little boy, a frightened child that gazed madly at her, his mother, for help. She could see that not only was his face pale, but his lips were blue. He appealed to her furiously.

"We ain't been doing nothing, have we, Margaret?" he asked.

"Oh, no," drawled the cop. "I'm just a little country boy, I am, and I don't know nothing. You all just came out here to look at the moon. Well, let me tell you something, this State is gonna

Bookworm

My head is not so lost in cloudy dreams

But that I feel the earth beneath my feet;

For if this bookishness were what it seems,

The scholar's life would not be half so sweet.

You think I do not know that spring is here,

That wind and sun are like a vague caress;

That maidens in their teens are very dear,

And quite attractive, too, in filmy dress—

You think me lost to all such pleasant things,

Securely locked in stuffiness of mind;

But I am well aware of all your flings

With just one difference that I can find—

That for which the world goes out and looks

Is much more easily pursued in books.

—Lee Anna Embrey.

put a stop to all these carryings-on, lemme tell you that. And I reckon I better run you in and book you."

"Good lord, no!" Ray said. "We ain't done nothing, honest."

"No! Let's see your driver's license."

Ray's fingers were fluttering so that he could hardly extract his wallet. He finally handed over the license. The cop flashed the light on it and looked it over. The reflected glare of the light revealed his coarse features.

"Hm," he said. He handed the card back. He strode ponderously to the front of the car, where he looked at the license plate.

"Let's see your registration card."

He looked that over.

"Well, young man, I reckon you know you crossed a State line when you brought this young lady out here."

"Yes, sir, but honest we ain't done nothing."

"How old are you, young lady?"

"Nineteen."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, that's right. Honest," Ray said quickly.

"Does your mother know where you are?"

"Certainly," Margaret said. "Honest, officer, he's just a friend of the family. He lives right around the corner from us, and we just drove out here because it was nice and cool. We don't even go together, or anything."

"Wasn't you sayin' something about him not lovin' you any more, or something?" the cop leered. He was enjoying himself hugely.

"We were just kiddin' each other, officer, honest."

"Yeah," Ray said. "We were just kiddin'."

The cop wrote Ray's name down in a small notebook.

"Well, you can go this time, but don't let me

Bay Ballads

Captain Joe Carlton

By H. V. LeMENAGER

You'd cast a fleeting glance at him as he stands in all his weatherbeaten glory there on the forepeak, sizing up the tides; and then you'd turn to make jest of him to your friend, because it's in the blood of your kind to scorn the like of him. That's what makes me clew up and come about. Your mind would fit between the deck seams of his sturdy packet and your hard-tack knowledge would starve you to death before the week was out if you had to depend on it. Yet men like Captain Joe Carlton are way beneath you. They're ignorant, unschooled, crude. They haven't had "advantages."

Well, if you don't think that seeing the sun slant across the purple waters of the Bay when evening closes in, that rounding Choptank light in a quartering gale with eight feet of wood and canvas pulsing beneath you like a live thing, that plowing down the fenceless meadows of the sea with a furrow of rainbow spray curling out from the bow and an endless lane of singing salt ocean reaching aft to where it merges with the sky—if you don't think experiences such as these are advantages over your hothouse existence, why then you're dry-rotted inside.

But he doesn't appreciate it, you say. Maybe he doesn't go around blowing about it, using all the flowery adjectives in Webster's to make it sound good, but these things that are a part of his everyday life don't go unheeded. Perhaps he only takes a deep breath and lights his pipe, but he's seen it and felt it just the same, and stowed it away where it will help him in those days to come, when he's hung up his oilskins for the last time and memories must serve like a favoring breeze to ease the passage to his journey's end.

Unschooled? You bet he is, if you're thinking of the kind of school you know, where you spend fifty restless minutes under the surveillance of some lecturer, from whom you sop up a few second-, third-, or fourth-hand facts while you sit there thinking about the prom on Thursday night or the coke that's waiting at the corner drugstore. No boy, Captain Joe hasn't gained his knowledge in liver pill doses spread over a period of four years. He has been going to school twenty-four hours a day for thirty years, a school where there aren't any "pipes" and a failure can't be passed off with an "I don't give a damn." That's the school of experience. He's been an honor student all the way through, and holds his master's degree. It's hanging there in the pilot house now! "Any Tonnage, All Oceans, Any Seas," and he wouldn't trade it for all the Latin-garnished pretties that ever swelled the heads of a group of soft-shelled college grads.

ever catch you out here again. Next time I'll run you in sure. Now, git!"

Ray was still shaking as he started up the Ford. He turned around and started for home. The cop walked away a few paces to where his motorcycle was concealed on a side road. He was chuckling obscenely.

Margaret was silent.

"Golly, that was a narrow escape," Ray said. He was preposterously trying to drive and light a cigarette at the same time, a trick that ordinarily was child's play for him. Margaret finally lit it for him.

As they were nearing home, they happened to pass a street light and Margaret saw that his face had not yet acquired its natural color. He had driven slowly and cautiously and gripped the wheel tightly.

She opened the door herself in front of her house.

"Goin' right in, babe?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm kind of upset. I was kinda frightened by that cop."

Ray waxed indignant.

"Just like a hick cop," he said. "Scarin' the wits outa women. If he hadn't had the protection of the law I'd of beat the stuffin' out of him. No country redneck is gonna insult my girl. Trouble is the cop has always got the upper hand and can run you in."

"Yeah, that's right. Well, goodnight, Ray."

"G'night . . . Oh, what is it you were goin' to tell me. Durn ole cop interrupted us."

"Oh, it wasn't anything."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"Well, gee, Margaret, I'm glad of that. You know, the way you acted I gotta admit I was kinda scared. Thought you was gonna have a baby or somethin'."

The Stifled Rose

By DOROTHY POTTERFIELD

DORIS WILKINS swaggered down the Main Street of Union City one Saturday afternoon in her best manner of a sixteen-year-old who has only recently discovered that her legs are shapely, her figure nice, and her face not entirely ugly. Doris looked approvingly at her passing reflection in the shop windows. Her dress was more close-fitting than adherence to the prevailing style required. Her stockings were sheer and the seams were very straight. She had just spent fifteen minutes in the Ladies Room of the Boston Store studying her appearance in the full length mirror, and straightening the seams of the stockings.

She disdained the people who were shopping that Saturday afternoon in Union City. "Dumb clucks," she grouped them all together. Some day, she thought, they'd be proud to know that she was from Union City. Some day they'd pick up the paper and see her picture, and underneath the picture, "Miss Doris Wilkins of Union City—the youngest actress on Broadway," or "Union City Girl Knocks Hollywood Cold—Given Lead Opposite Clark Gable." Anybody with my legs and figure ought not to have any trouble getting in the movies. She glanced again at her reflection in the shop windows. She still approved. She crossed a street with her special technique. Doris had her own way of stepping up and down curbs.

She caught the eye of a man standing behind one of the plate glass windows of Kenney Bros. Insurance and Real Estate office on the second floor of the First National Bank Building. What was he looking at her for, an old man like that? He was Arthur Kenney and he was awfully old—almost forty anyway. He had lots of money but he had grey hair. Doris dismissed him as unworthy of her thoughts. She was going to the postoffice to mail a letter which she had written that morning. She had written to Rosalie when she really didn't have anything to say, so that she might have an excuse for buying a stamp from the perfectly darling new clerk in the postoffice. He had dark hair and brown eyes, and such thick eyebrows! That made him seem romantic. He was the reason she had tightened her dress and was so particular about the seams in her stockings.

"I'd like to buy a stamp, please," she said at the window in her most Garbo-like voice. She had practiced at home—holding her breath and speaking in a deep voice.

The young man looked surprised, but willing to part with the stamp. This wasn't very satisfactory. He didn't say anything; so Doris licked the stamp and stuck it on the letter and then said, "Will you please weigh this and see if it needs any more postage?"

The envelope contained only one thin sheet of paper, but she had to say something or the interview would be over.

"It's all right," the young man said.

"Thank you," she answered, but it was guttural and sounded like "Thangew."

There was nothing left to do but to drop the letter in the slot marked "Letters" and leave. She walked slowly away, swaying gently, and descended the steps to the street. She was disappointed. Nothing at all had happened. He hadn't said anything at all. Well, probably, he was so impressed he couldn't say anything. She was sure that he was asking someone who that perfectly stunning woman could be. She walks like a queen. She must be a foreigner too, because she speaks with an accent. You can tell by looking at her that she is a woman of the world.

Doris had discovered the young man two days before, but she couldn't find out anything satisfactory about him at all. She couldn't and wouldn't ask Mary Sue. That baby! Mary Sue would say, "Doris has a beau!" in that disgusting childish manner of hers. Mary Sue was fifteen and ought to know better, but a year certainly makes a difference in one's attitude toward life. Mary Sue was such a child. She had no idea what it was to be in love, and to be bored with one's existence. Doris put her hand over her mouth as if to stifle a yawn. This caused an elderly gentleman to look at her with surprise. She really didn't look the least bit sleepy.

She undulated back up Main Street, and into the Sterling Drug Store, where a group of boys were idling and laughing obscenely at nothing.

"I want a package of Chesterfields," she said distinctly to the clerk.

Johnny Kincaid detached himself from the group of boys at the front of the store and came back toward her.

"Why, Doris," he greeted her, "I didn't know you smoked."

Doris dropped the package of cigarettes into



Betsy Garrett

her handbag and did her best to look bored. She smiled, as if in martyrdom, at Johnny as he drifted with her toward the door. Just as they were beside the group of boys she said as languidly as she could, "Didn't you? Mah deah, Ah've been smokin' foh years!"

She thought Johnny looked impressed. He certainly looked surprised, and she left him holding open the door, gazing after her. It was worth fifteen cents just to have a chance to say that to Johnny. And, anyway, she could give them to Daddy tonight and he'd think she was thoughtful—buying cigarettes for him like that. Thoughtful little Doris.

And Johnny Kincaid was so uncouth. Served him right. Imagine telling any sophisticated woman you didn't know she smoked! The young man at the postoffice certainly wouldn't say anything like that. He would be romantic. He would understand her; he would kiss her hand. She was sure of that—his hair—his eyes—why, he'd just have to be romantic, and he would recognize her for what she was—a woman with a soul. He would take her away from the crudities of her world and place around her an environment in which she could blossom, instead of stifle. And years later when they were white haired, but still sophisticated, they might come back to Union City just to visit; maybe just to see poor Mary Sue who probably would marry somebody pretty awful.

She caught sight of the short and squat figure of Harry Pratt ambling up the street and she darted into the Rosebud Millinery Shoppe in an effort to escape him. He was Mary Sue's father and just because she, Doris Wilkins, and Mary Sue Pratt were about the same age was no reason for him to think he could embarrass her in public. She wasn't quick enough for him, however, and he caught hold of her arm.

"Say, wait a minute," he said loudly. "I want to talk to you." Dreadful old man!

"Come on in the drug store and I'll buy you a coke."

Doris felt humiliated. He said it just like he used to say, "Come on in and I'll buy you an ice cream cone," when she was a baby.

"Mary Sue's right down the street in the car. We'll take you home."

"No, thank you," Doris answered, "I have to wait for Mother." That wasn't the truth. Her mother was at home.

Mary Sue's father pushed her into the drug store and up to the soda fountain. "Two cokes," he said in a loud voice. Doris suffered herself to be treated, but she suffered in silence.

"Say," Mr. Pratt said, "I just saw Arthur Kenney down the street. He was watchin' you go down the street this afternoon and he said you were the prettiest girl in Union City! Now what do you think of that? Gettin' kind of grown up, aren't you, when an old bird like Ar-

thur Kenny notices you? Haw, haw haw!" He laughed as if he had said something very funny.

Doris shuddered inwardly. How could he be so crude? He took her elbow and propelled her out of the drug store, and just as he passed the group of boys still loafing in the front of the store he said, "Good lookin' girl I got, ain't it, boys?"

Doris was raging. This horrible man! How much she had endured merely because of her friendship with Mary Sue!

Just at that moment Doris saw the young man from the postoffice. He was wheeling a baby carriage! Harry Pratt hailed this Apollo disguised in civilian clothes and shouted, "Hi, there, Bill! That your kid?"

Mary Sue's impossible father poked a short fore-finger into the ribs of the romantic young man's offspring, and Doris looked on in disgust. Imagine wheeling a baby carriage right down on Main Street! How domestic. That must be his wife coming there with all the paper parcels. He would be married to a woman who carried paper parcels and had a baby. Doris felt as if the young man had done her a personal injury.

She barely acknowledged the introduction to Bill Harris and Mrs. Harris, and this is Bill Harris, Junior. She mumbled an excuse about having to meet her mother, and fled, this time escaping, into the sanctuary of the Rosebud Millinery Shoppe. What a debasing life he was leading for one so young and handsome. Men are base. She'd always known it, really, and this just brought it home to her.

She consoled herself by trying on hats for an hour and a half. She couldn't find one that suited her. This awful town—everything was too provincial. Everything, that is, except Mr. Arthur Kenney. He thought she was the most beautiful girl in Union City. He was a little older than she was, but then she was quite old and very mature for her years. She had been matured by the suffering of her sensitive soul forced to live in contact with so much crudeness.

As she thought about the suffering of her sensitive soul, she felt almost like weeping. It was awfully sad. She bit her lip and managed to control herself. She had to be brave. Mr. Kenney would appreciate all that she had gone through. He thought she was beautiful. They would be married quietly and he would take her away from her crude environment. Her picture would be in the paper, and under it there would be a few lines which would say simply, "Millionaire's Bride—Miss Doris Wilkins of Union City and Mr. Arthur Kenney were married this afternoon in New York, at the Little Church Around the Corner."

She finally decided on a hat—one that would be becoming in the picture that would be in the paper, and said, "Charge it to Mr. Thomas B. Wilkins, and please send it out." You wouldn't catch me carrying packages home.

Late that afternoon she stood in front of her dressing table and brushed her hair. She studied herself in the looking glass. Then she reclined on a sofa which was in line with a full length mirror on her bedroom door, and studied her reclining figure. Beautiful lines, she thought. She held her arm up and looked at its reflection. She moved her hand around in liquid, swaying movements, watching the reflection in the glass. Her mother came to the other door and stood watching her a second, and then said, "For Heaven's sake, Doris, stop smirking at yourself in the mirror and come on down to supper!"

Doris ignored this, and went down stairs slowly and languidly, as if she were very, very tired.

"Hello, Pugs," her father said.

"Hello," Doris answered him, trying to impress upon him that she answered from filial duty only.

They'd be plenty surprised when they found out that she was going to marry Mr. Arthur Kenney and go away. It certainly was surprising how people who were so awfully domesticated as her father and mother could have a daughter who was so different. Sort of like a rose growing in a cabbage patch, or something. But she would go away quietly with Mr. Kenney and they would live forever with sophisticated and intelligent people. And she would dress for dinner—not supper—every single night of the week.

She excused herself with an injured air from the supper table and retired to her room, where she spent the rest of the evening trying on her clothes and deciding which ones, if any, she would take with her when she married Mr. Kenney.

The next morning she was more natural in her behavior, but she assured herself that she was only putting up a front. It wouldn't do to let mother and father know what she was plan-

(Continued on Page Eight)

The Real Goods

By Esther Beitz

THE disturbance of Madame Jeanne's Shoppe de Beaute was occasioned by a most unfortunate circumstance. Mrs. Langtry's weekly shampoo, which she was very particular about, had been suddenly interrupted by a clogging of the drainpipe in the shampooing bowl. This was a far more serious matter than might at first seem. Mrs. Langtry, it should be known, was one of Madame's most important customers, who was equally famed for her violent displays of temper and for her lavish distribution of tips in calmer moments. Plungers and other available appliances had been pressed into service, but the exigency had not been successfully met.

"There's nothing to do but call a plumber right away," decided Madame herself, who was now in charge of the situation. Mrs. Langtry's special operator having found herself unable to cope with it.

"And what am I to do until he comes?" shrieked the very much perturbed Mrs. Langtry. "This is neither comfortable nor becoming. Besides I don't like the idea of having to sit here with a man prowling around the place."

Madame looked mournfully at Mrs. Langtry's haughty head, upon which a few white suds still glistened. She also looked at the row of shampooing bowls, all of them occupied. "Mrs. Langtry," she reasoned, in her best professional, gently coaxing manner, "I'll have to beg you to be patient with us. This is just one of those unfortunate things that can't be helped. But if you'll wait just a very few seconds, Maize will be through and you can be moved down there, out of the way of the plumber when he arrives." She indicated one of the operators engaged at a bowl further down the line. "I'll go call her now." She escaped, without waiting to see how successfully Mrs. Langtry had been appeased, dropping her professional dignity on the way. "Hang it," she mumbled. "Of all the fool things to happen—on a Saturday, and that old crew, of all people, waiting to be rinsed."

Thus it was that young Hal Peters, president, secretary, and sole mechanic of the Peters Plumbing Company was suddenly given an opportunity to learn about the artfulness of womankind. With his chin cuped in both hands and elbows propped on his makeshift desk—a large, square, slightly unsteady table—he had been sitting quietly, reflecting upon the hard ways of life in a big city. Before him lay small heaps of stationary and envelopes, in two sizes, bill forms, and a very sparse collection of correspondence. He had just had an early dinner, the consumption of meals affording a welcome interruption to the monotony of the many quiet days when the telephone was merely an ornament upon his "desk." As an interruption, this dinner had been satisfactory enough, but as a gratification to either the taste, the sight, or the smell, Hal found it pitifully lacking. This was the chief contributing factor in his solemnity of expression as he looked out upon the busy street. Such flavorless chicken as they had served him. He could imagine nothing that had a less obvious relation to the plump, juicy fowls raised on their farm at home. When Ma put fried chicken in front of you—a good, big portion—it was brown and savory and interesting. You consumed it with great relish, and filled your plate a second time. At Clement's, it was a woeful looking dish, dry and tough, with a strangely disturbing suggestion of singed feathers about it, so that the small helping they served you was every bit enough.

And the pie! Since childhood, pumpkin pie had been one of his favorite delicacies. When Ma baked such a pie, it was a luscious, radiantly golden affair, from which emanated rich, spicy fumes. It was always upwards of an inch in thickness. The so-called pumpkin pie at Clement's was as flat and tasteless as a slice of yesterday's toast. As if there were any place in the world for pumpkin pie that was a washed out, brassy-color instead of bright gold! Yes, that was it exactly—brass for gold. That described the whole city as well—brassy, faked, always some substitute for the real thing.

He should never have listened to what those men down in the village had told him about how easy it was to make money and get ahead in the city. He should have stayed on at home and gone in with old Si Henderson, who had taught him the plumbing business, and whom he used to help a few days during the week when he wasn't needed on the farm. With one exception, he hadn't found a thing in the city that was genuine—real—honest. The exception was Sally—pretty little auburn-haired, hazel-eyed Sally. If it wasn't for her, he'd chuck it all and go back.

The consoling thought of Sally was here interrupted by the phone call that brought the report of the drain pipe trouble. "Madame Jeanne's

Shoppe de Beaute." Hal pondered over the name. "Probably some classy place," he thought, "run by a French dame, with lights and rugs and perfume, and good-looking, high-hat women." The impression came from vague recollections of movie productions he had seen down at the village and an occasional book that he read.

"And come right away, please!" the voice had commanded. Oh well, he'd go. Working in beauty parlors didn't sound particularly appealing to him, but a job was a job, no matter where.

The Shoppe was located a short distance from his own establishment. As he entered, he was attacked savagely by a strange aroma—a subtle blending of creams and lotions, vinegar, burned hair, manicure polish, and cigarette smoke. To Hal it had a sly, secretive quality, this acidity cloaked with sweetness. The "French dame" rushed forward to meet him. "You're the plumber, aren't you?" He nodded. "Well, I'm certainly glad you've come. The trouble is just back here a little way. Come right along with me." She was short and stoutish, pink-cheeked and blue-eyed, and Hal found her diction of a bit reminiscent of the brogue employed by Mrs. Kathleen McCarty, who owned the farm next to their back home. "Madame Jeanne, eh? He mentally grunted. "Dublin Janey'd be more like it!"

He took a swift glance about him, and was suddenly stricken with the kind of terror a young recruit must feel at first sight of the enemy's forces. Women! There were women everywhere, and only women! Old women and young women were there, from one little pious-eyed grandmotherly soul to flappers of high degree. The only exclusively female assemblage he had ever seen before were Ma's sewing meetings. Most of those women were old friends whom he had known since childhood. Even so, he had usually managed to sneak out of the house soon after they arrived. One girl at a time was enough to disconcert him—except Sally, of course—but this array of unfriendly female faces was almost more than he could endure. Very evidently, he was being regarded as an intruder. Here and there a pair of eyes were abt more friendly—the younger and brighter eyes. This did not add to Hal's comfort, however, as he followed Madame through the Shoppe. There was something too smart and challenging about even their friendliness. There was only one girl in this big city who could look at you honestly, straightforwardly, and that was Sally. And of course, she hadn't always lived in the city, but had spent a great deal of her life on a farm, as she had once explained to him.

He was finally hard at work on the drainpipe, though not so completely engrossed as to be insensible to his surrounding. The appearance of the place gave him a feeling of having been duped. Instead of rugs, the floor was covered with little mats of natural hair—newly shorn, blond, gray, black, and red hair, not yet swept away. Harsh, glaring light came from globes in fixtures about the walls. The Shoppe itself was a big, oblong room with a row of tables and mirrors on one side, and on the other a number of stands to which were attached huge inverted tin bowls, the use of which was not at the moment clear to Hal. Lined along the wall at the back was a row of shampooing stands, with a section in the corner curtained off into two cubicles, by means of faded black and rose cotton hangings. Not only was there no grandeur in this place; there was not even ordinary attractiveness. Hal was disgusted. It wasn't right to give a place a name that made you expect it to be different from what it was.

His attention strayed at intervals to a monstrous machine made up of many iron tubes which were being fitted over small spokes planted in a woman's head, on which there was hair to be seen. Hal judged that it must be hidden somewhere within the confines of the small spokes, but by what process it had arrived there he was unable to tell, until some minutes later, when the tubes were pulled off the head and drawn up to the ceiling. The spokes were also removed, there was a great deal of unwrapping and unwinding, and there sat the woman with a great many little stiff screws of curls straining from her head in the direction of the ceiling. A little later again he saw the same head with the curls being latted down to waves, and several white-aproned operators standing about the woman making enthusiastic comments. "One of the best permanents I've ever seen!" "Now, isn't that natural!" Hal couldn't for the life of him see anything natural about it. Kinky, stiff, and ugly—that's what he'd say it was.

Another sight that made him writhe was a face with something that resembled putty hard-

ened all over it, which he happened to catch a glimpse of through the half-parted curtains of one of the cubicles opposite him. A air of large, wide hazel eyes peered through the mask. For a moment he was startled. It seemed to him he had looked into such eyes before, many times. Why, who but his own Sally had eyes like that? But the impression was fleeting. He had the girl on the brain—that was his trouble. The next time he looked toward the clay-covered face, it was averted, and he forgot the incident.

At the last shampooing bowl in the row, next to the one where he was working, was a dapper feminine thing whom Hal judged, from her appearance and her thin, shrill soprano, to be no more than seventeen. She was sitting there imperturbably, her hair thickly smeared with mud—"just plain red mud," thought Hal, "that might have been scraped from the river banks near home. Now what in the name of sense would anybody want to do a thing like that for?" He had the explanation gradually from the girl's own lips.

"You know," she confided to another youthful customer who was sitting under the first bowl-shaped mechanism along the side walk, "if I missed a henna treatment my boy friend would drop me like a hot coal. He says what he likes best about me is my red hair. Thinks it's natural, of course."

"Yeah!" answered the other, between puffs of a cigarette, drawing her tones with great languor and worldliness. "Men aren't so smart where us women are concerned."

Hal gave a brief glance in their direction, but they seemed totally oblivious of him. "My boy friend," the second girl continued, "thinks my hair's natural-curly. And, b'lieve me, I let him think so, too. What they don't know'll never hurt 'em."

"Say," exclaimed the shrill-voiced one, suddenly off on a new line of thought, "ever been to the new Dragon Club. That's where Bill's I are going tonight. Understand it's a great place. Hawkins' Band is there this week. I'm thrilled to death about going!"

The other looked grave. "I guess I'd be, too. I haven't been to a decent place like that in weeks. A parlor Romeo, that's what Ed's getting to be. He keeps saying 'Just you wait till business picks up.' She stopped for a moment, lifted the inverted bowl slightly, and applied her hand to the sleek waves. "Still damp. What's wrong with this dryer anyhow?" The bowl was shifted back into place. "And his old business had better pick up soon—that's all I've got to say!"

Hal's rage mounted to the point where he could cheerfully have hurled his pliers at the young gossipers. How he hated them! How he hated this place, this whole city, with its impossible deceit! Madame Jeanne's was stifling him. He could hardly wait to get out, even into the big city streets where it was difficult to take a long, free stride without fear of being accosted with a surly "Hey, can't you watch where you're going?" Even that was better than this false face mill. What frauds women were! He had learned a great deal about them this afternoon. Just let one of them try anything on him! He was glad when the shampooing bowl was once more in working order and he could pack his tools and leave.

As he advanced toward the door, he glimpsed the back of a slight, graceful little figure of a girl standing very erect before a mirror, adjusting her hat over nicely-plastered, even waves that had a dork-reddish gleam. She shaded her face with both hands as he passed, rubbing her forehead with her fingers, as if trying to remember something. Hal was too eager to escape from the place to stop for a second look. However, there had been something about her that he could not help associating with Sally. Strange, how she seemed to appear to him there at every turn. He had no idea there were so many girls in this city who resembled Sally. He had always thought there was something rather individual about her. Oh, well, he'd forget it. It really wasn't right to even think about Sally along with such girls.

He remembered then that she was expecting him this very evening. He hadn't so much time. He must go home and dress and be at her place by eight-thirty. He wondered what she'd say about the proceedings he had just witnessed.

He bathed and dressed hurriedly, putting on his new dark suit and a plain blue tie. His straight, tawny-colored hair was particularly unruly. He brushed it with great vehemence, but it refused to stay in place. The barber had once suggested a hair tonic as a remedy for this condition, but Hal found the idea distasteful. They weren't going to make a big city fop out of him.

(Continued on Page Eight)

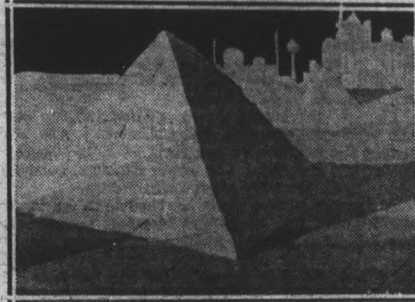
The Mummy

By RENE BONNERJEA



HE Pyramid of Khufu was built over the dust of crushed bones and was cemented with human blood and flesh. It is a symbol of human ambition and of haughty selfishness. Its intricate passages cunningly concealed lead up to the burial chamber in which the great Pharaoh was to be laid after his death. But the Pyramid does not contain the mummy of Khufu; it is empty. He spent all his lifetime preparing for death, and when it came he was unable to harvest the fruit of his work; his life was a continual struggle towards an aim he never attained. For this he sacrificed everything, and turned himself into a monster whose cruelty had no limits. Men were brought from all over the land of Egypt to help in the construction of the Pyramid. Day and night the workers dragged and pulled the blocks of stone across the burning sands of the desert. Men died like flies under the strain, and as the gigantic beast increased in size, the number of its victims grew, too. Thousands perished under the cutting lash of the overseers, or were slowly crushed beneath the ever-moving blocks of stone; thousands of others were buried alive and died of suffocation. Some of the more desperate slaves threw themselves from the Pyramid, thus ending their agony. And the dead increased, and the grave grew, and Khufu witnessed it all seated on his magnificent throne inlaid with amethyst and golden scarabaei. None of the unbearable sufferings of his subjects made any impression upon his perverse mind. When, towards sunset, the workers were permitted to sink to the ground half dead with exertion to eat their daily ration of radishes, onions, and garlic, the great Pharaoh cursed their laziness and stamped with impatience. He feared his tomb would not be completed before his death. For thirty years the Egyptians worked without rest; as they died others replaced them. In spite of their groans, in spite of their dying curses the Pyramid was at last completed, and Khufu, the son of Horus, looked at his work with pride and joy which had no limits. I.e. had conquered Immortality! But he was mistaken, for his corpse never reached its destination in its long journey across the desert.

The Pyramid waited for the arrival of its constructor. The evening was slowly approaching; the intense heat had decreased a little, and the lazy green crocodiles, after having dozed through the long day, prepared themselves for slumber; the shining backs of the large hippopotami moved to and fro. Everything was silent. Suddenly, however, a vague noise arose in the distance, and as it gradually increased one could recognize a procession coming slowly towards the Pyramids. At its head were four high priests dressed in long flowing tunics covered with a



David M. Flax

magnificent leopard skin the paws of which swung in a regular rhythm as the priests walked solemnly along. Their heads were covered with wigs with long curls reaching to the shoulders. The first two of them carried the emblem of the Hawk of Horus. They were followed by a dozen slaves or so, carrying the heavy sarcophagus of Khufu. Behind them came another group of priests dressed either in short kilts with bare arms and legs, or else in a long smock reaching from below the arms to the feet, supported over the neck by straps. Their hair was either close shaved or covered with a tight fitting cap. The priests were followed by the Pharaoh's relatives whose garments were torn and soiled in sign of grief; at their head walked Saf-hotep, the son of Khufu and his principal architect, known all over Egypt for his beast-like cruelty. He was dressed in a yellow tunic reaching to his knees, around his neck he wore a golden locket. Next in line came the nobles of Khufu's court, dressed in white; they wore sandals strapped to their feet. Their wives were garbed in yellow or red gowns with a pleated collar around their necks. At the end of the procession were thousands of peasants; on either side it was surrounded by many soldiers armed with spears, swords, knives or axes according to their rank. The officers could easily be recognized by their commanding sticks. Many of the warriors carried over their shoulders large shields with a circular cavity in the center. They were armed with wooden spears tipped with metal. The archers, on the other hand, possessed only offensive weapons. They carried bows about five feet long with strings of hide. Close to their elbows, in a horizontal position, they bore a quiver attached to their bodies by a belt, containing feather-tipped arrows and closed by a decorated lid. Each bowman had a sheath to protect his weapon. The workers were not armed, but they carried instruments such as chisels, drills or mallets which they were to use in placing the sarcophagus into the Pyramid. Most of them were thin as skeletons with prominent cheekbones and dried-up skin. As they walked along they growled like a mob of furious dogs. This they had been doing all the way of the journey and as it came closer to its end the violence of the peasants rapidly increased. The soldiers were steadily losing control of them; the conflict of the day reached its climax, the peasants no longer limiting their attack to small groups, but bursting forth as a whole. Like a swarming pack of mad dogs they threw themselves upon the Pharaoh's soldiers, who prepared themselves for defense by retreating behind their enormous shields. The archers swiftly pulled their bows from their sheaths and began the attack. The peasants, on the other hand, grasped their tools, and those who were unarmed sprang like tigers at the throats of their enemies, biting deeply into the flesh. The soldiers warded off the blows of the chisels and mallets with their shields while they savagely slaughtered the peasants with their short swords which they used as daggers when at close range, stabbing blindly from right to left. Many were killed; but gradually the peasants got the upper hand, and by killing their opponents, they succeeded in securing sufficient weapons to make the chances of the battle even. The fight became a slaughter on both sides. Arrows flew from both camps; the archers rapidly drew arrows from the quiver under their elbows, placed it on the string with the forefinger and the thumb, then pulled it as far as the right ear and let the deadly dart loose. It passed in a direct line from the eye, whistled through the air, and planted itself into the hearts of the peasants. On both sides a line of men with colored feathers in their chests stood rigid for a second, then lamely dropped to the ground. The air was filled with howls of agony, shrieks and cries of terror; the wounded fell wriggling in spasms of pain; the dead lay with arrows

through their foreheads; daggers were deeply buried in open skulls bubbling with hot blood. The faces of the wounded no longer looked human. Nobles, soldiers, peasants, priests and women—all fought ferociously, neither giving nor expecting mercy. Swords cut through limbs; axes hacked bleeding stomachs; arrows stuck in eyeless orbits; and here and there lay two dead men with each other's teeth deeply buried in their flesh. Grotesque monsters colored in dark red ran away howling like wounded wolves far off into the desert, where they fell in a pool of blackish blood.

After many hours of fierce fighting the peasants finally annihilated the complete army with the exception of a small group of nobles headed by Saf-hotep, who had retreated into an area protected by the shields of a few surviving warriors. In their center lay the broken sarcophagus of Khufu. The peasants, blinded by the desire for vengeance of thirty years' suffering, played with their victims as a cat would play with a dying mouse. But as the group resisted they gradually increased the violence of their attacks. The desert was filled with the shrieks of the women and the curse of the men. The peasants suddenly made a rush at the wall of shields, but were immediately forced back by a volley of deadly arrows. They then retreated and attacked once more, this time using the bodies of the dead as shields. By this strategy they upset the wall and threw themselves upon the remains of Khufu's army. The battle which ensued was merely a slaughter, nothing more. The short swords of the peasants were raised, and fell in a glittering rhythm of blood and metal. Soon the fighters were so crowded that the dead remained standing, staring at the battle with glassy eyes and open mouths, and suddenly toppling over like a collapsing wall when the living who supported them were killed. Saf-hotep was the last to die; he fell to the ground with a sneer on his lips.

Night fell upon the Pyramid, and the desert was once more as silent as death. Khufu lay on the red sand surrounded by his dead army. His coffin had been torn open, his jewels had been stolen, and nothing remained of him but a mass of soiled bandages and loose flesh, even the silver of his fingers had been removed. His head rested on a vase of alabaster, decorated with a grotesque figure of a winged hawk with the body of a snake. Khnum-Khufu, once the greatest monarch of the universe, with his obsidian eyes enviously started at the glory of his rival, the rising Sun.

The Humanist

I said: Therefore you and I are brothers
Though you be clad in rags and I
In finery:
We were spawned from the same earth, rich
With mould of trees whose falling
Has drummed out the gusts of the windy years,
With bones returning what they held
So briefly;
We have marvelled at the sun whose rising
Might flowers in April's fields,
And low harvest-moons have wafted russet
Dust to the venerable urn of the hearts
Of us;
Your life is a mystifying patch of light
And shadow shimmering like waters 'neath the
stars
Unique, yet stirred by the same air
As mine;
You have suffered life and so have I—
Fellow partakers of the past—
And on our souls will be the mark
Seared to ashes, dry for the rain
Of love.
But your churlish answer angered me, I turned
And drew my cloak and walked away.
Alas!
Though I have lived, I had not lived enough.

Richard Cady.

January Storm

At first the clouds dallied across the hills
And at the high command of the wind
Wiped the muddy hands upon the sky
And went along again...

Rain acts differently in different places.
Out in the country it settles the thin old temper
Of the grass and weeds:
They cease to dust and scold at the wind
And when they're walked upon
But only dip and say, You first.
The trees dress up in their finest black velour,
Beeches put on glossy bibs
And turning infidel, face toward Mecca.
All is majestic in the stained old wall of hills.
There isn't that spirit in the city.
The wind resents the piling up of things
In its accustomed paths, maybe;
It punches and kicks sideways
And raindrops clinging to wires take fright like
swallows.
People track mud
They breathe mud and curse the weather.
All is different
And the rain keeps scoring bulls-eyes in the
street.

During the night the old wreck
Who salts down the floor with sawdust
Threw in a load from the northeast
Or perhaps it was frozen spray from Labrador.
Winter began a gambit of ivory knights
Forcing the browns to retire—
Anyway I think swales look like chess boards
With their white tufts and black mud.

Last night although the sky was overcast
The upper edges of the trees
Seemed glowing with a rising moon;
The forest in the country
Must look like moonlight on a river mist.
With the snow it's not so different.

Richard Cady.

The Real Goods

(Continued from Page Six)

He was finally ready to direct his second hand Ford coupe, recently acquired, to Sally's apartment. On the way, his thoughts reverted so persistently to the fraudulent beings he had seen during the day that he began to be a little fearful of finding even Sally a bit different after the things he had learned about women. His knock at the apartment door was a bit timid. But he was greeted by the same sprightly, natural Sally whom he had left at her door at eleven-thirty o'clock just three nights ago.

"Why, Hal," she said with her typical warmth. "It didn't sound like your knock. So weak and ladylike for a great big man!"

There was about her a pleasant, very delicate fragrance that Hal always associated with a particular corner of the flower garden back home—the lily-of-the-valley bed, he thought, but he never could be quite sure. To Hal, this fragrance seemed a part of her, an exorcism of her personality. She was wearing a pale green frock that emphasized the red tints in her hair most becomingly. She fluttered about him as he seated himself in the large, deep sofa that afforded Hal the nearest approach to real comfort that he had been able to discover in the city. Soon after he had arrived from back home, he had searched the city over for a big chair to place in the room back of the store, where he had his living quarters. He saw many that were large and thickly upholstered and appeared inviting, but to sit in them gave you nothing that resembled the feeling of cozy contentment, of complete abandonment that parlor chairs at home instilled in you, when you read the paper after dinner.

Sally pulled one of the lamp chains so that the light in the room would be soft and dull. She hated glaring lights as much as did Hal. She left him there to enjoy his comfort, while she went back into the dressing room. "Just to get a few things in order," she told him.

"Very busy today?" she called in.

"All of one job! And it almost turned me sick. I learned a thing or two to day."

"Why, Hal, what kind of a job?" The tone held not idle curiosity, but a sweet promise of sympathy. It was hard to resist being confidential when a question was asked like that.

"Oh, in a beauty parlor. Some sort of fake place where they try to make a lot of women what they're not."

"You poor thing! It must have been awful."

He gave her a few of the details—the gruesome machinery; the girls heating irons in burners, as if preparing to brand cattle; the inverted bowls called hair driers that they sit under endlessly, smoking cigarettes and looking very blank. Many silly girls and much foolish talk. Whew! What a place!

Sally was ready by this time. She seated herself on the sofa very close to him and looked into his face. "Poor Hal. I believe you're getting fed up on the city. You need to get away from it, if even for a little while—just one evening would help. Away in the country somewhere." She was silent for a moment. "Hal, I've an idea. Couldn't we go for a nice long ride tonight. We could drive out about forty miles on the Peckston road, and coming back, if you felt like it, we could run into that new Dragon Club for a few dances. You'd be a new man after that. I know you would."

Her thoughtfulness sent a warm glow through him. He agreed that the idea was a splendid one. She was now about to put on her hat, her slight graceful figure standing very erect before the mirror. As he watched her, one last little trace of uneasiness flitted through his mind. "Look here, Sally," he said, "you don't ever go in for any of that nonsense, do you?"

"Why, what nonsense?" she asked, with eyes enormous.

"Those doings at Mad-dame's I was just telling you about."

"Oh!" She laughed lightly, and placed the hat on the little table before the mirror, which was located in the corner diagonally opposite the sofa and the lamp. "Come over here a minute." He arose and stepped across to her. "Now look at me carefully," she said, "and tell me what you think." Her wide hazel eyes gazed up into his meltingly.

Hal found it difficult at this moment to either see or think clearly. However, he did notice that her skin was remarkably clear and glowing, that there was a very faint pink flush in her cheeks, that the small red mouth was sweet and provocative, that the hair with its dark-reddish gleam was combed in soft, natural-looking waves about her face, and that the elusive fragrance added the supreme touch of perfection.

Hal was reassured and a very happy man.

"Well?" she asked.

"Want to know what I think, do you?" he began, with affected sternness. "Well, I'll tell you." Then placing his finger gently under her chin, he tilted her face upwards toward his. "I think," he repeated, tenderly this time, but with great conviction, great emphasis, "that you're the real goods!"

To The Genteel Reader

Yet again must we of the staff anoint the head, mumble holy words and send out into the world another editor. To the long line of retreating nobilissimi we must presently consign Mr. Linebarger. Having completed his allotment of hours and been raised to the rank of honorable bachelor he leaves this cloistered sanctuary to begin his wanderjahke on the continent. So with due obedience to the customs of the occasion and with a polite bow in the direction of Esraed we bid Mr. P. M. A. L. do svitanya.

Though yet bowed down with grief for our late editor we can still find sufficient joy to announce the addition to our staff of Miss Dorothy Porterfield and Miss Lee Anna Embrey, both of whom have been frequent contributors.

In answer to the pleas of thousands of their constituents, the staff has decided to take a moment off from their arduous duties and reveal their policy. As may be discovered by scanning the title-head, this paper is for the purpose of literature, which covers a multitude of sins and would-be sins. To this intention of serving literary tea we seek out and print the vagrant pieces of those students who desire to be master word builders.

We are unhappy to say that to the accomplishment of this we bring no hard-and-fast policy or unwavering viewpoint. We are aiming for neither class with a capital K nor radicalism with a screeching banner. In this day of penny-yeach curealls we are sorry that we can offer no sure-fire panacea for the world's ills. Nor have we any set program for the general enlightenment of the forgotten mind. Instead we present a bazaar of literary sweetmeats hoping that it will tackle the palate of the reader. Whether among our contributors are any rude Miltons or unsung Homers we cannot tell. But we feel that among our contributors there are many of genuine ability. It encourages us to pat our

STAFF OF The Monthly Literary Review

EDITOR

BENJAMIN K. SCHWARZ

BOARD OF EDITORS

LEE ANNA EMBREY GWENDOLYN FOLSON

BETSY GARRETT HELEN SWICK

DOROTHY PORTERFIELD

STAFF ASSOCIATES

MARY LEE WATKINS DAVID M. FLAX

SAMUEL B. DETWILER, JR.

VASILIOS LAMBROS

RENE BONNERJEA

Published monthly as the literary section of
The University Hatchet

DOUGLAS BEBENT.....Executive Officer
H. W. HERZOG.....Graduate Manager
C. MANLEY FESLER.....Editor
LESTER M. GATES.....Business Manager

backs on learning that two former contributors have seen their works appear in the Midland Review.

We should undoubtedly state that we eagerly desire letters of criticism: both constructive and destructive. But, far more than criticism, we long for contributions. Three times a day we face the east, kneel and beg Allah to send gemlike essays, stories, poems, plays to our small box reposing in the publications building. We are of necessity, limited to what we may obtain on this campus. So may Allah, the fair, the kind, answer our prayers.

It is our custom to once a year hold a contest. In the last two years they have been in the fields of poetry and drama. The present one is to be for a prize-winning essay. There is no limitation on either subject matter or length. The award will be a book donated by the well-known handball player and bookseller, Mr. Paul Pearlman. All entries, with the author's names on separate pieces of paper, shall be left in the Review Box on the first floor of the publication building by May 20. Judges will be announced in a later issue.

The staff would like to institute a column to consist of epigrams, comments on vanity fair, pithy opinions, short poems and like items too short for regular publication. If you have an interesting idea on politics, art, economics, or the correct length of beards send it in. If you have a concise summation of the passing show, drop it in the box. Whether or not this column is printed depends on whether we receive contributions. According to present plans, this department will be titled Intentions, for (pardon us Mr. Wilde) the road to hell is paved with good intentions.

The Stifled Rose

(Continued from Page Five)

ning. They might think Mr. Kenney was too old, or something.

Her father said, "Feel better this morning, Pugs?" He handed her the society section of the morning paper.

She picked it up and started reading the weddings and departures. She noticed a woman's picture—why, it was that awfully fast widow who lived on Grand Avenue. She read the wording underneath the picture. "Mrs. Adele Gombel, bride of yesterday. Mrs. Gombel and Mr. Arthur Kenney were married late yesterday afternoon at Grace Episcopal Church."

She put the paper down. Her life was ruined. How could she face the world with this wound in her heart? He was base, or he wouldn't prefer a fast widow to a budding rose. He wasn't worthy of her love. She stood up dramatically.

Her father jumped. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she answered coldly. "You wouldn't understand." She left the room, leaving the paper where she had dropped it. She wanted to be alone. She must be alone in order that later she might put on a brave and smiling face to an unsuspecting world.

She sat and gazed at herself in the mirror. She felt herself a sad and tragic figure—disappointed in love. Men are base. I shall never love again! She stayed in her room for thirty minutes and suffered. Later she told Mary Sue that she had remained in her room all day, weeping disconsolately. She used those words.

After the half an hour, she put on her hat and went downstairs.

"Where are you going?" her father asked.

"I need some ink."

"Well, don't be long."

She went out into the street. She was going to buy some fresh ink and keep a diary. Sometime the diary of a woman with a broken heart would be interesting to the world. She felt that she owed it to the world to write down the emotional experiences which had ruined her life just that morning.

She felt very pale and interesting as she swagged down Main Street, deserted as it was on Sunday morning, and into the Sterling Drug Store. She bought the ink and asked to have it sent right out.

"You see," she explained, "I'm not going home, and father is waiting for it."

Then she swayed out again into the street, and started home. She hadn't seen anyone except Johnny Kincaid standing on the steps of the First Methodist Church, and he certainly wasn't very exciting for a woman with a broken heart.

A car pulled up beside the curb. A man's voice said, "Doris, may I give you a lift?"

It was Nathaniel Draper. He was almost forty and a legend in Union City. He was wild, and adventurous. He drank and caroused—even Doris knew that. She got in the car.

"That will be nice of you," she said, trying to talk in the approved deep-voiced manner.

She had always considered Nathaniel Draper very silly and quite old, but she decided that no was handsome in a way. Perhaps it was his unhappy life that made him seem so worn. She wasn't sure he had had any unhappy life, then he probably had, she decided.

He asked her how she'd been and how her father and mother were. She answered in deep tones, attempting the foreign accent.

When he stopped in front of her home, he very gallantly jumped out of the car and opened the door from the inside and just let her fall out, but this was grand having him be so polite. It made her feel quite grown up, really.

"You're getting to be a pretty girl," he said, and smiled at her. "If I were about twenty years younger I'd camp in a pup-tent in your front yard."

When she repeated this speech to Mary Sue later that day, she left out the part about the pup tent and told Mary Sue that Nathaniel Draper had said that she, imagine that, Doris Wilkins, was beautiful! And that he was just crazy about her.

However, she only returned Nathaniel Draper's smile and gave him a limp hand which she let linger in his. Then she said, "Good-bye" in guttural tones and went into the house.

She went directly to her room and closed the doors. She wanted to be alone. She approved of the way she would look if she ever did really swoon. She put her hand to her heart and said aloud, "Oh, my love, my love." She fell back on the cushions. She'd never known what it was to be in love.

Nathaniel Draper appreciated her. He realized that she was a rose that was trying to bloom in the stifling presence of cabbages. They would be married quietly, and her picture would be in the paper. He would take her away from her crude environment—